Saturday Review

APRIL 8, 1961 / 25¢

EICHMANN GOES ON TRIAL

Articles by Horace Sutton and Hans Zeisel

RRY WALD

ovie Censorship:

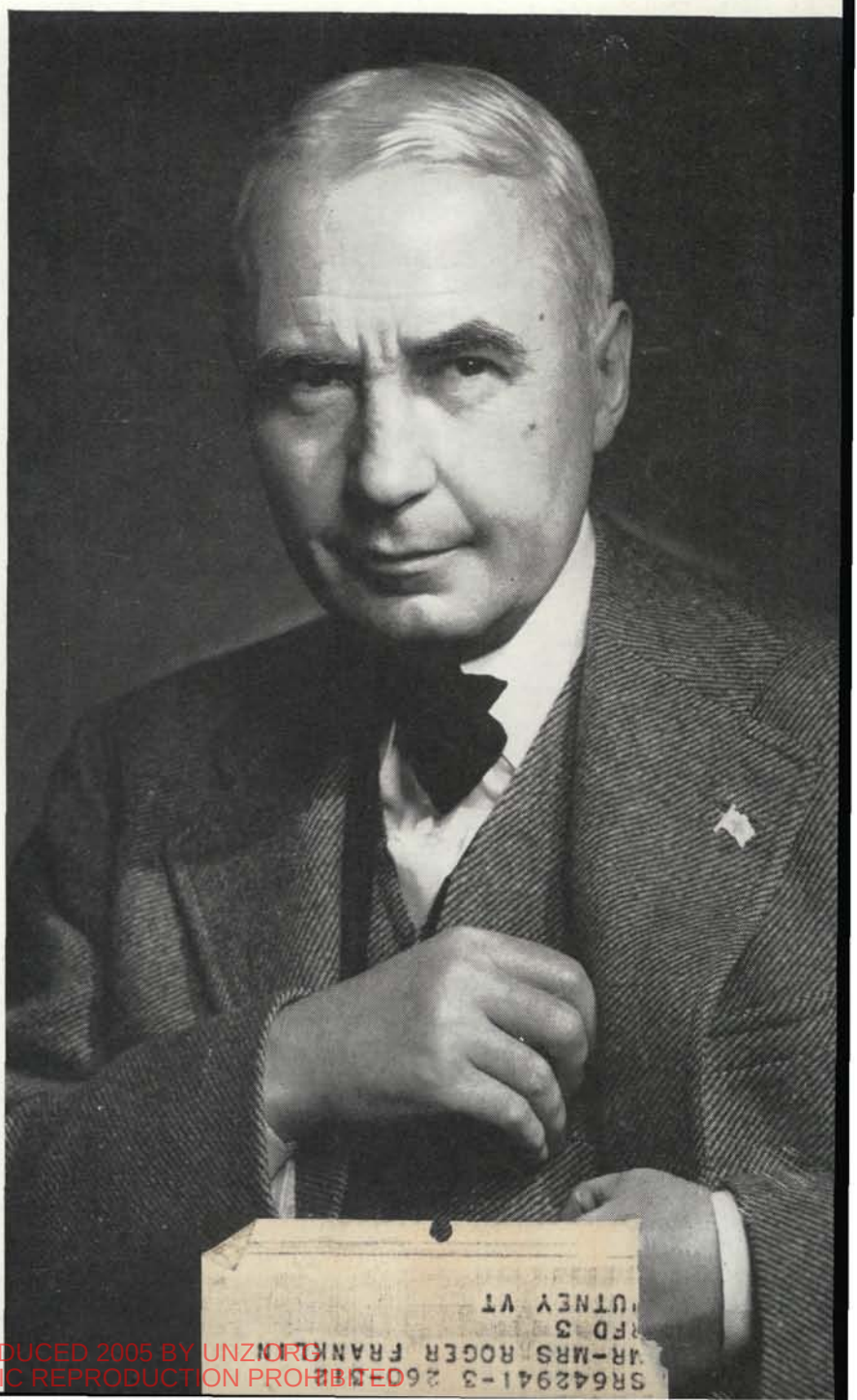
e Opening Wedge

OKS FOR SPRING READING

R's Annual Selection

Elmer Davis, focus of Roger Burlingame's forthcoming history, "Don't Let Them Scare You" (See Literary Sampler)

PHOTO BY KARSH



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The Artist at the Wheel

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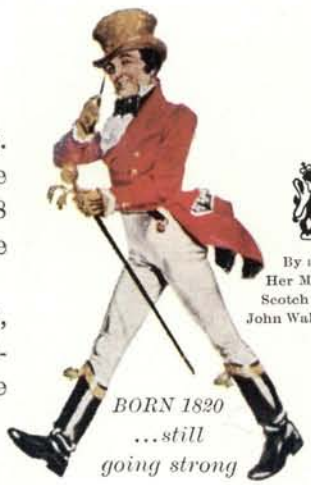

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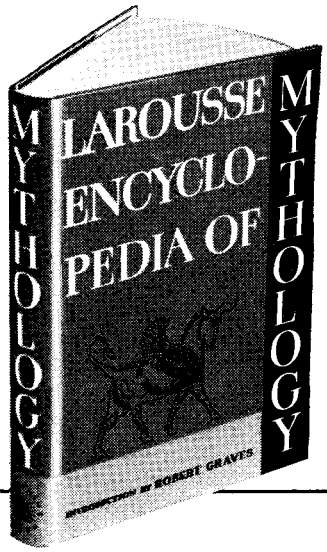

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In the summer of 1959, a young novelist and teacher at Columbia University, J. R. Humphreys, set off with his wife on a trip across the United States. There was nothing much unusual about their plans except that (1) they were to travel in a Volkswagen Camper, a vehicle in which they could cook and sleep, and (2) they decided to use only the older, smaller roads, avoiding turnpikes and thruways.

Their trip, from a point near Red Bank, New Jersey to Monterey, California is set down in a book, *The Lost Towns and Roads of America*. A guide to the past, conducted in a tour of the present, the book is as useful for restoring tranquility and perspective as a jet is for generating excitement and shrinking hours.

It was a peaceful yet an eventful trip. The Humphreys discovered the pleasures of brick roads and Amish ice cream; a place where double martinis, dry and cold, are 85¢; and they discovered something of their own past. ("What was it my father said about neon signs?" Humphreys thought, as he drove through a small town: "'If only one couldn't read, how beautiful Times Square would be at night.'")

Most of all, they discovered the town and people off the well-paved track. The book, illustrated with moving, memorable photographs of lonely barns and covered bridges, snake fences and elm-shaded sidewalks, is a story of a journey into the "timeless town." It might well turn out to be timeless itself.

Nearly all literature, in one sense, is made up of guidebooks. I wish I'd said that but it was Melville. (Do you know in which book?)

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Lost Towns and Roads of America" ($4.95) by J. R. Humphreys is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your local bookseller, including any of the 30 Doubleday Bookshops, one of which is located at 310 North 8th Street, St. Louis 1, Missouri.

Saturday Review

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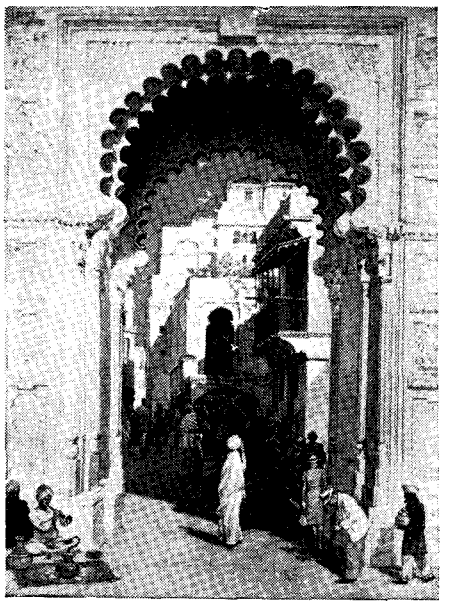

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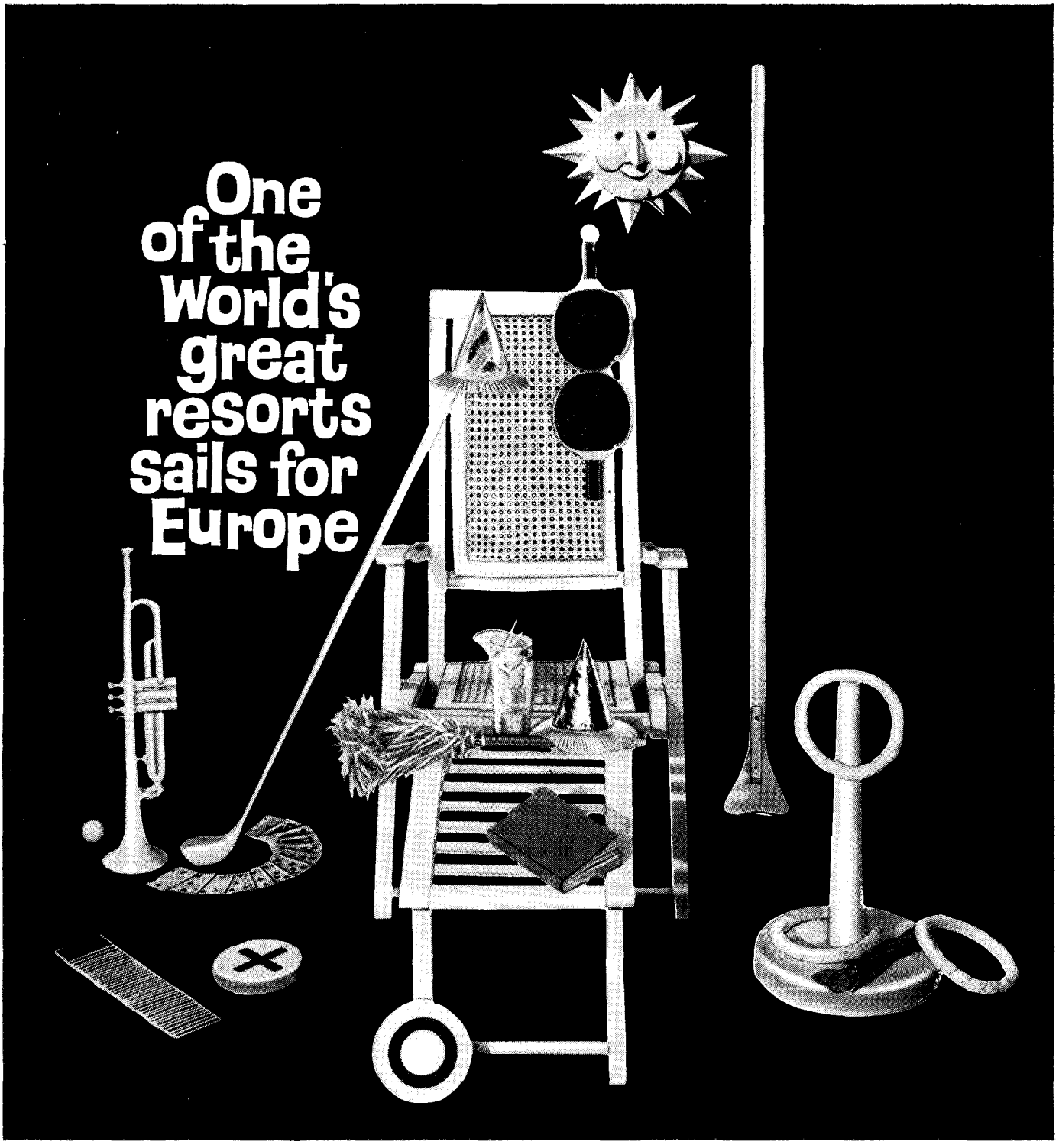

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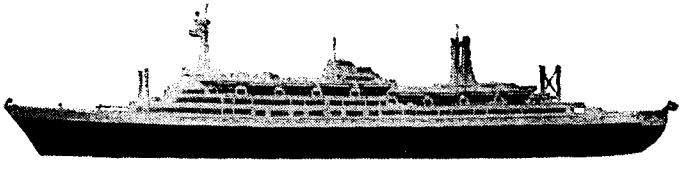

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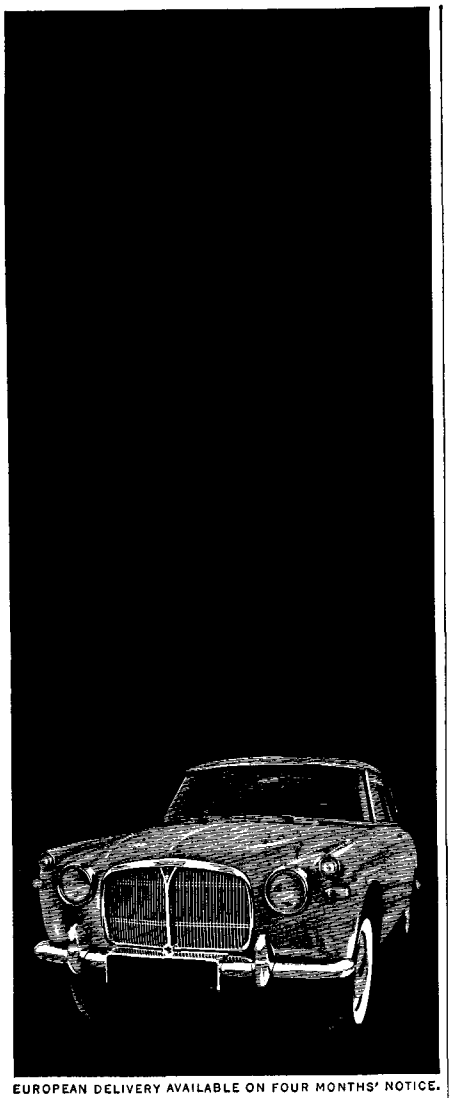

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

DEAR ABBY

When taxes, everywhere I turn,
Have cramped me as a spender,
Why is the stuff, so tough to earn,
Considered legal tender?
—WILLIAM W. PRATT.

• • •

THE FORTY KHODYAS

WE CALLED them "*Khodyas*." They were Chinese, about forty of them. They had been brought into our region from Manchuria to work on some railroad construction, most able-bodied Russians having been sent to the front. The construction work had ceased shortly after the Bolshevik revolution. The central government had to cope with a famine and the threat of a civil war; the local authorities could not be bothered with forty additional mouths to feed. Everyone forgot about the *Khodyas*, who had not the slightest idea of what was happening to them.

They lived in four ramshackle huts on the river front, inscrutable, slant-eyed, forlorn, emaciated, and mute. They had no ration cards, and no one told them that that was the only way to obtain whatever food there was. They roamed the streets searching amidst refuse with the fantastic optimism of the Oriental: what fool would throw out even a bone?

Then one day a *Khodya* died in great agony, writhing and moaning, on the main street of our town. People did not even stop to look at him. Not from callousness or indifference but from fear that if they stopped and looked they would weaken. They had no food for themselves. A day or so later another *Khodya* died, then a third.

Father was a nationalized physician; he worked at the Commissariat of Health and was getting a special ration. One day he asked me to come to his office at the Commissariat directly from school—I was then a high school sophomore. He met me with a mysterious, conspiratorial air; when Father was conspiring everyone could read it on his face. That was why he was eventually compelled to flee Russia.

"I just received my weekly ration," he told me. "I want you to take a few things to the *Khodyas*. Don't tell Mother anything. I'll just say we received a short ration." He gave me two cans of conserved meat, a few handfuls of flour, and some liver sausage.

I entered the first of the four shacks and found a dozen Chinese stretched out on the floor too weak to move. I placed all the things on the floor and said in broken Russian, on the assumption that a language if spoken poorly will be better understood by a foreigner: "Papa send."

Then I added: "Hom-hom." That was an onomatopoetic sound to convey to the Chinese the idea of masticating. The *Khodyas* still did not move, and I left them.

In the evening Father brought home his ration. Mother was displeased. "It is getting smaller each time," she complained. Father shrugged his shoulders. He quickly turned away so Mother couldn't see his face.

The following day Mother said to me: "I want you to do something for me, Misha. Promise not to tell Father. I've prepared a little food package for the poor *Khodyas*. This week's ration is miserably small, but I'll manage somehow."

I found the Chinese in the same position I had left them the previous day. This time, however, they recognized me, shook their heads, smiled wanly and wretchedly. I repeated the same words and sounds in broken Russian: "Mama send. Food. Hom-hom."

Time passed. The revolution's first terrible winter was over. Spring brought some relief: it became easier to stand in the breadline. The Chinese disappeared. Rumor had it that all the *Khodyas* were assembled in a Red Guard unit; the idea, they said, was Leon Trotsky's. The Constituent Assembly opened in May, 1918, with a non-Bolshevik majority, and the Bolshevik government decided to disperse it. But Russian soldiers refused to use force against the deputies, and the Assembly was dispersed by Latvians and Chinese who spoke no Russian.

One evening a group of soldiers appeared at our back door. Mother, quite scared, motioned to Father to keep in the background and went out to meet them.

A Red soldier bowed to Mother, put down a sack at her feet, said something unintelligible, bowed again, and retreated. Another Red soldier took his place, laid down a sack, bowed, retreated. The ceremony was repeated eight

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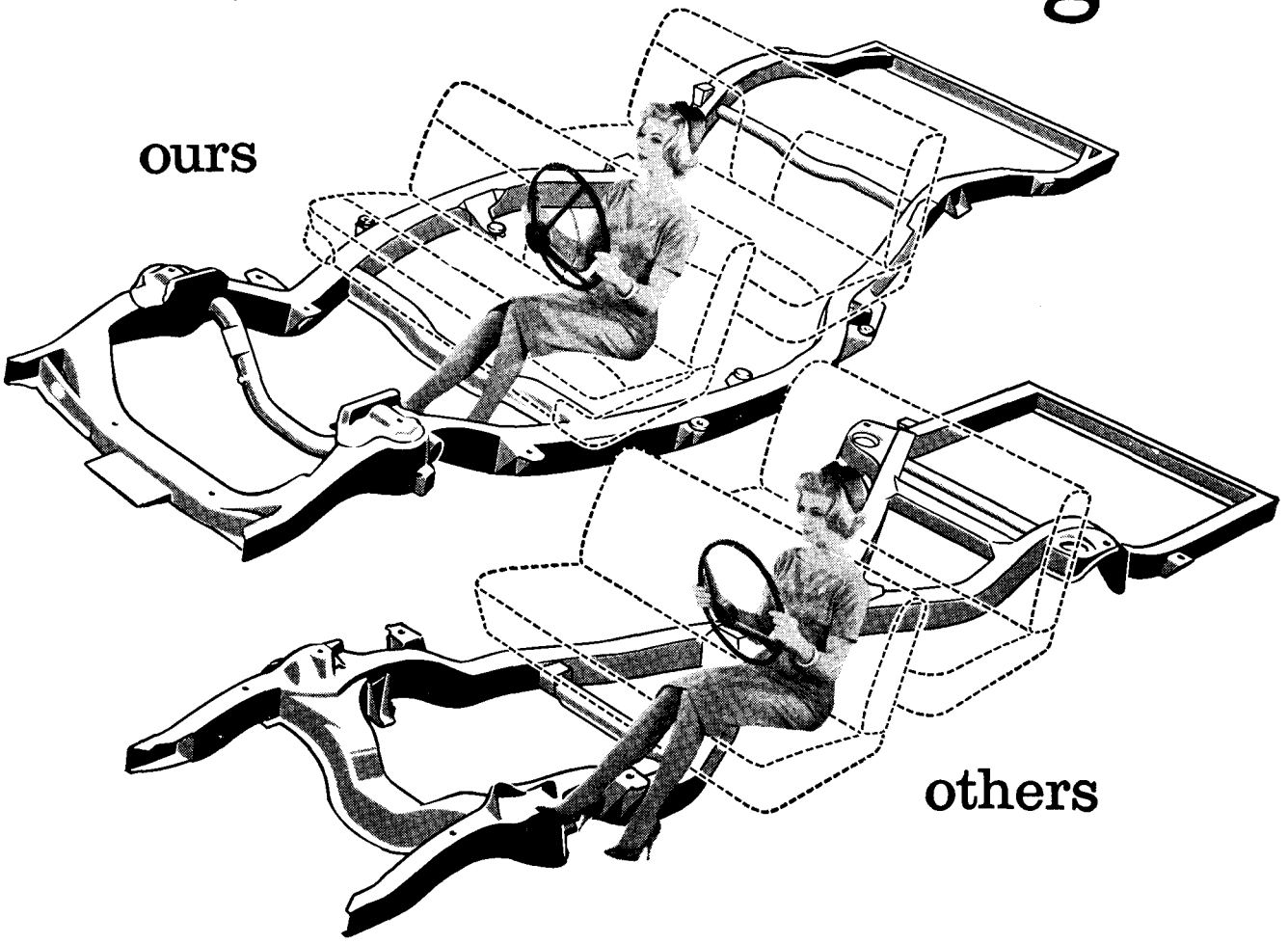
Which frame is stronger?



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from the reaches of space

Unretouched time exposure shows Echo I communications satellite (long line) crossing heavens right to left. Shorter lines are stars "in motion."

to the depths of the sea

Actual undersea photo of telephone cable off coast of Florida.

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times; there were eight Red soldiers. Mother just stood there, gasping.

"*Khodyas!*"

The eight soldiers bowed in unison and said: "*Da!*" It was probably the only Russian word they knew. Then one of them, evidently the leader, added: "Hom-hom." The eight bowed again and left.

Father was most unhappy. He assumed that these *Khodyas* had also participated in the dispersal of the Constituent Assembly, and he held himself directly responsible for the abolition of representative government in Russia.

—M. K. Argus.

• • •

YES, WE GET LETTERS

CAN you imagine the delights of being a personality in radio or television, and receiving that deluge of delightful fan mail? For example:

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the collector of autographed photos, who has "all the best people," and who does a brisk trading business, of the sort we used to do with pictures of ball players from boxes of cigarettes; today, the going rates might be one Paar for two Sullivans, or even vice versa. . . .

the zealot who still expects President Kennedy to invite the Pope to move into the White House, and who underscores "Pope" and "White House" with red ink; you can spot this type without even opening the envelope, which is marked "Personal," underscored with red. . . .

the angry soul who blames Leon Pearson for the supposed abuses of Drew Pearson. . . .

the exhibitionist young woman who writes to a TV performer, "Every night when you come on, I undress before you; just wanted you to know." . . .

But the real heartbreak comes when the bouquet is delivered to the wrong dressing room. A listener in Raleigh, North Carolina, following a broadcast of mine, sent a telegram of congratulations to Leon Henderson. And Jack Gould once wrote a glowing account, in the *New York Times*, of a documentary I had done, attributing it to "Lester Pearson." Discovering his error, he sent me a page of penitence, on which he had typed, fifty times, the name

—Leon Pearson.

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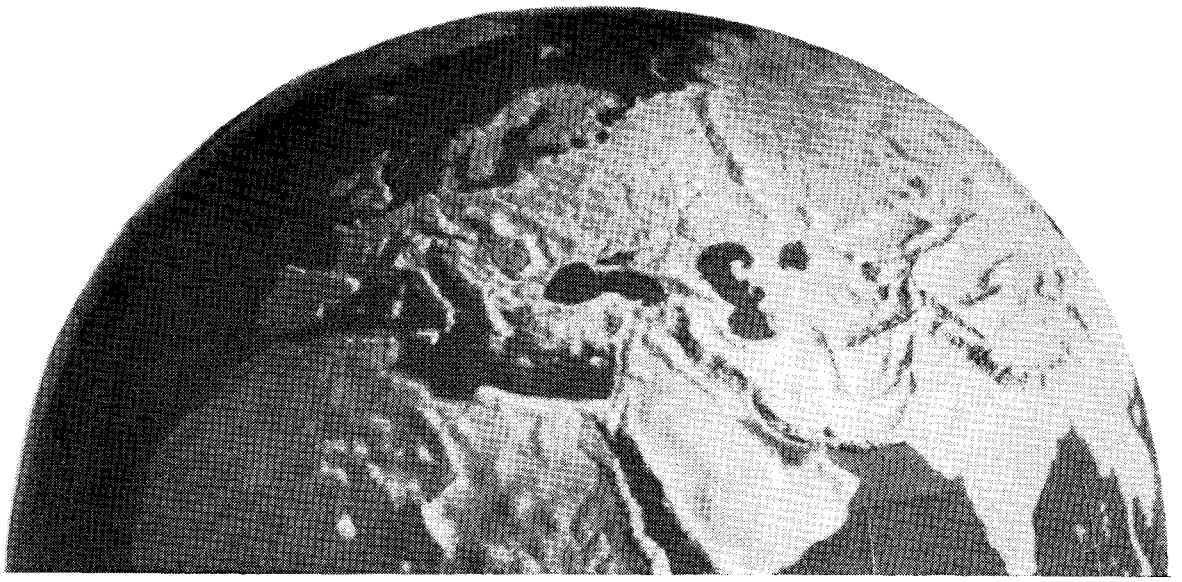

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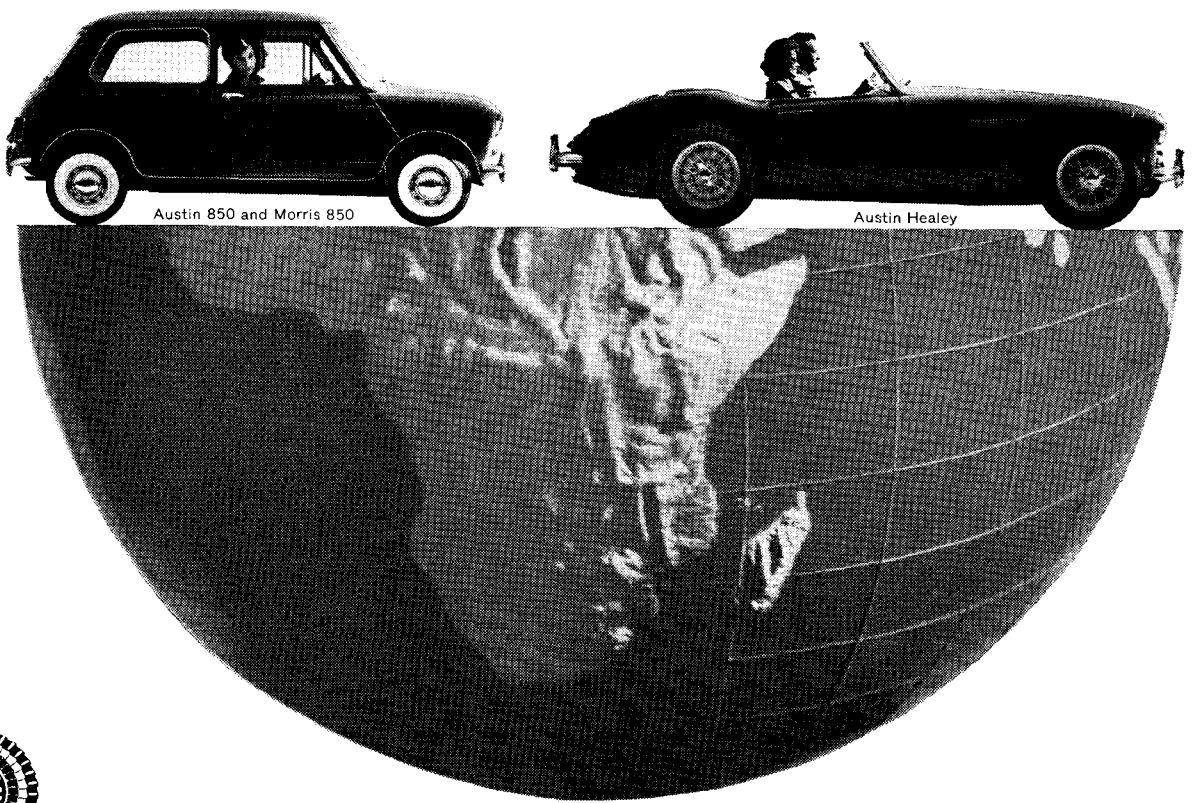

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INSIDE NATIONWIDE

THIRTY-FIVE *years ago, on April 12, 1926 —*

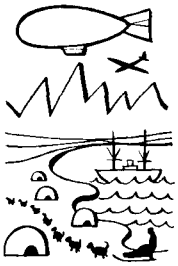
• Emmett Walsh, 15, of Churchill, Connecticut, who had drawn his life savings ($84) from the bank and headed west to become a cowboy, was picked up by New York police and told that there are no more cowboys. "The men on the ranches in the West," explained Lieutenant Kelly of the 126th Street station, "are just like the farmhands in Connecticut."

• In Sioux City, 77-year-old Charles R. Provone broke both a leg and an arm while doing the Charleston.

• Eighty women converged on Washington to promote continuation and more rigid enforcement of the Volstead Act. They said prohibition had done wonders for the country.

• In Chicago, Axel Volstead, nephew of the author of the Volstead Act, was arraigned for drunkenness.

• Four different Arctic expeditions were proceeding toward the Pole in assorted conveyances: Amundsen-Ellsworth in the airship *Norge;* the Byrd expedition by ship; Captain George H. Wilkins by airplane; and Alexander Malcolm Smith by dog sled.



• Honeymooners Edward W. Browning and his 15-year-old bride Peaches stopped over in New York on their way to Europe.

COMMERCIAL: And in Columbus, Ohio, the Farm Bureau Mutual Automobile Insurance Company received its license to do business.

We don't know whether Emmett Walsh ever made it to the West, but we do know how that insurance company made out. It grew to be the country's fourth largest insurer of automobiles, had its name changed to Nationwide, and was joined by three other companies to become a part of what we call "America's most progressive insurance organization."

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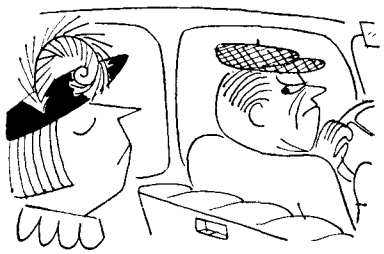
IF YOU KNOW anything about the game you'll appreciate the caption the New York *Daily News* put on the photo of Queen Mother Elizabeth making a shot in pocket billiards: "The Queen's English."

IN HIS NEW BOOK, "A Victorian in Orbit" (Doubleday), Sir Cedric Hardwicke says he often gossiped with a New York cab driver who drove him



home regularly from the theatre. One night Sir Cedric asked him:

"Have you seen John Gielgud's 'Hamlet'?"

"No, I don't care for the name," the driver responded.

"You mean Gielgud?"

"No—Hamlet."

I AM NOT SURPRISED in this day and age to hear that an engineer has applied his knowledge to the game of contract bridge, and boiled it down to a system—I mean a real scientific system. Gene Anthony and his wife Frances, who had never played the game before one year ago January, are now proficient enough to carry their weight not only in the social league but also in duplicate tournaments. What's more, he is putting together a book for Simon and Schuster on how he did it.

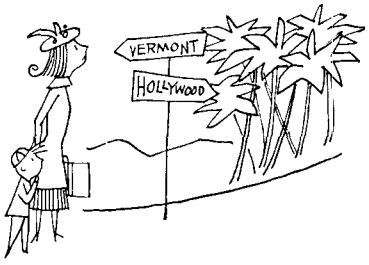
Anthony, who was never particularly hot at cards, was plenty hot at mathematics. He went through Brooklyn Polytechnic and Bridgeport Engineering institutes, has taught calculus, electrical engineering, and what not. Now he is with General Electric in New York. Well, he applied his slide rule and his mathematical background to the problems of bridge, devised a system, and in no time they were winning prizes in the tournaments. Don't ask me how it works. Here's the inventor's explanation:

"All the bridge books try to make an expert out of you, and the philosophy seems to be if you're not one, then don't play. None of this fancy stuff in my system. It's for the ordinary person who hasn't the time nor disposition to make a science out of it. It's for people who frequently give up the game because they get an inferiority complex when they play with others who seem to be better at it."

You'll have to wait for the book to hear the rest.

I SEE BY THE April *Redbook* that Diane Varsi is back in California. She left in 1959 after getting an Academy Award mention for her part in "Peyton Place." Everyone said it was a stunt for the movie, but it wasn't. She took her baby and went to Bennington, Vermont, where she took some classes in poetry and English. She ran out of money and finally returned to the Coast.

But she's not there to go back into the acting business. She's there because she's broke and has to live in one kitchenless, bathroomless room in an old stucco building owned by her father. She lives with Shawn, now four years old, and writes poetry, spurning the $25,000 bonus producer Jerry Wald



has offered her to come back to motion pictures. Here's one of her latest efforts, reprinted by permission:

SEALESS SANITORIUM

The old man gone blind:
the old sailor, too traveled,
believes the sound of cypress
to be his sea.

At a window,
his white, how weathered head,
folds land over land
into a map;
buried somewhere in the sand.

While within his reach
swim gray nurses;
who have never seen a whale.

HERE'S WHAT Dr. Ray La Scola told me: "I don't sleep very much. I don't need sleep. I have been a pianist. In fact, I was a child prodigy. I played during the Depression to help support a family which included nine siblings. I played professionally, too, working

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Two views of C. P. SNOW'S new book, Science and Government

DISSENT *from*

Sir Robert Watson-Watt,

the Inventor of British Radar, in the March 4 SATURDAY REVIEW

NOW IF THIS BOOK had been written by just anybody, its perverted conclusion could be dismissed with a shrug and a muttered word: "nonsense." Unfortunately, the author of this sensational treatise is my wartime colleague and friend (now Sir Charles) C. P. Snow . . .

I believe myself to be the inventor of radar, and, as such, in a better place than any other living man to judge who helped and who hindered the development of radar.

* * *

. . . I am dismayed by my inability to recognize either [Tizard or Lindemann] in the literary fancy costume draped on them by C. P. Snow.

* * *

. . . in the selective accounting C. P. Snow has given to Harvard on Churchill's management of the war, Lindemann persistently tried to run my radar project aground. . . . ¶ Radar had worked. . . . Lindemann knew this . . . After reading my memorandum, how could he have disagreed in silence . . . I don't believe he did disagree. . . . *The Prof* [Lindemann] knew me well, and we got along well together. He expressed no doubts to me.

* * *

. . . if Tizard's diaries disclose, as C. P. Snow claims they do, that Lindemann objected to the degree of priority the Tizard Committee gave to radar, then I must believe *The Prof* had taken some such position.

* * *

There is a strange hiatus in the story of Lindemann's loves and hates as C. P. Snow tells it. . . . In the first act, *The Prof* is forestalled by Tizard and friends from defeating Britain by killing off radar. In the second act, *The Prof* succeeds, over the protests of Tizard and friends, in forcing the mass bombing of Germany at the expense of shorter ways of winning the war.

What were these shorter paths . . . **¶ Did [Snow] not see that in each instance only one practical recourse was available? . . . ¶ Deplorable as mass bombing certainly is, its perfection in Lindemann's hands with the aid of radar made possible the more conventional — but who is to say less brutal — completion of the war through occupation of the land mass of Europe.**

PRAISE *and* SUPPORT *from*

P. M. S. Blackett, *Nobel Prize-winning scientist, associate of Sir Henry Tizard and F. A. Lindemann in World War II planning and member of the Committee for the Scientific Survey of Air Defense, in the April* SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

SNOW ANALYZES IN DETAIL two major decisions of British war policy: the decision made between 1935 and 1937 to give the development of radar the highest possible priority, and the decision in 1942 to make the bombing of German cities a major part of the British war effort. In the conflicts that preceded these two fateful decisions, two outstanding and very different scientists, Henry Tizard and Frederick Lindemann, played a major role. Much of Snow's book is concerned with the clash between these two strong personalities. By various accidents I was personally involved in both conflicts, and **I can vouch for the fundamental truth of Snow's account of what went on. Moreover, I think that his description of the conflicts and his penetrating insight into the characters of the two men is brilliantly carried out: this is a first-rate piece of writing.**

* * *

There is no doubt that Tizard must be given a major part of the credit, and Lindemann none, for the radar chain. . . . Without it the Battle of Britain in 1940 — a near thing at best — might have been lost. . . . The conflict over the decision, which was very real and in slightly different circumstances might have gone the wrong way, appears in retrospect to have been at the bottom purely personal. At that time Lindemann opposed anything suggested by his former friend Tizard.

* * *

The decision to make the dehousing of the German working-class population, with the object of lowering its morale and will to fight, a major part of the British war effort was made in the spring of 1942, as Snow relates.

* * *

From my talks with Lindemann at this time I became aware of that trait of character which Snow so well emphasizes: this was his almost fanatical belief in some particular operation or gadget to the almost total exclusion of wider considerations. Bombing to him then seemed the one and only useful operation of the war. . . . Lindemann even suggested that the building up of strong land forces for the projected invasion of France was wrong. Never have I encountered such fanatical belief in the efficacy of bombing.

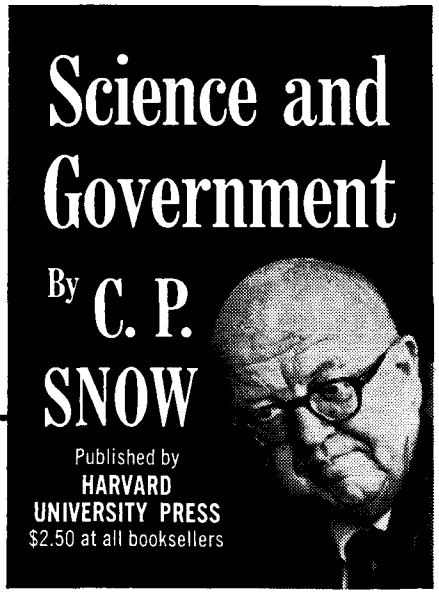
The high priority given thereafter to everything pertaining to the bombing offensive made it very difficult to get adequate air support for the vital Battle of the Atlantic.

* * *

Without any doubt the area-bombing offensive was an expensive failure. . . . German war production went on rising steadily until it reached its peak in August, 1944. At this time the Allies were already in Paris and the Russian armies were well into Poland. German civilian morale did not crack.

* * *

Never have Snow's twin warnings, of the danger of thinking that one weapon will solve our problems, and of the illusion that one can rely on maintaining technical superiority, been more vividly illustrated than by the early years of nuclear weapons . . . Snow's little book, with its wisdom and penetration, should do much to stimulate serious thought on these vital problems of decision making.



Emphasis ours. Material in brackets inserted for clarification.

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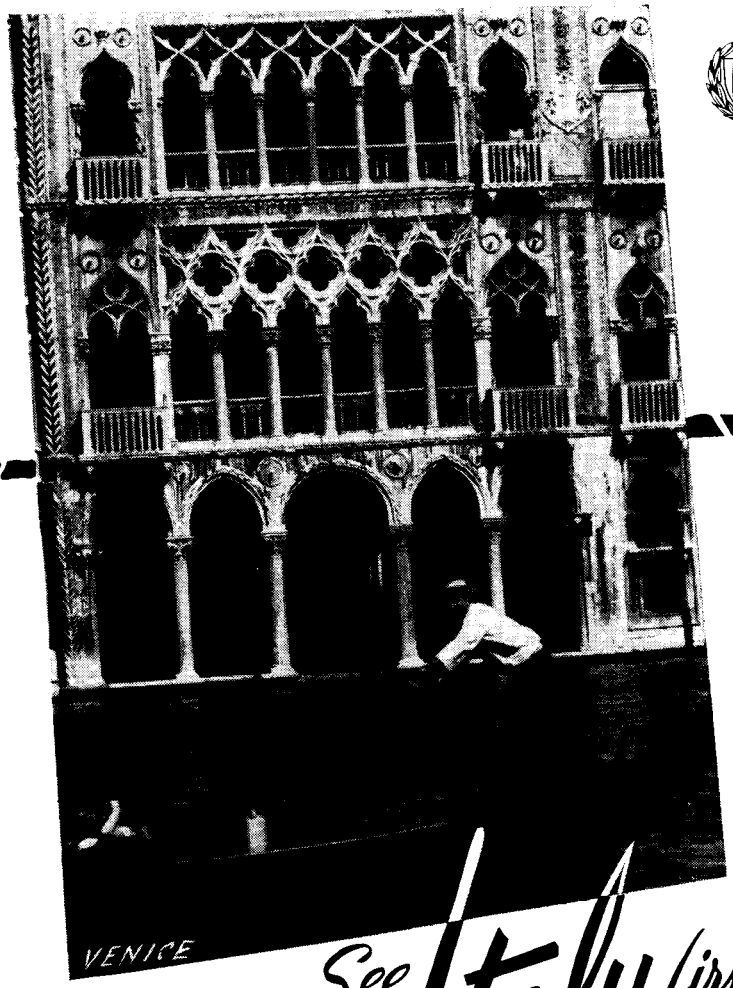

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my way through pre-med at LSU. I graduated from medical school in 1941. I studied writing under Robert Penn Warren. I paint portraits. Send me some photographs of your kids. Tell me the color of their skin, hair and eyes. I'll do portraits. I have always written. I have done many medical things, but this is the first bit of popular fiction for me."

There he is referring to his new novel, "The Creole," which Morrow has just published. Don't go away; there's a lot more about Dr. La Scola. He went on:

"I am a pediatrician in Santa Monica, California. I treat the richest (J. P. Getty, for instance) and the poorest (no examples). I take care of Steve Allen's Billy, Dave, Brian and Steve. I also care for Esther Williams's Susan, Benjy, Kim (last-named my godchild). They get measles like anyone else. A house call is $10 to anyone, or nothing. After all, I am a bachelor and have no deductions on my income tax. Yes, we leave their tonsils in unless there are apt to be complications.

"Now, 'The Creole' is a historical romance about a Creole girl. A Creole, you know, is not necessarily a Negro. They speak a so-called French, but it isn't really French. French-speaking

people can't understand Creole. They can't believe it when they hear it. They think they're hearing French because they catch a familiar sound now and then. They keep leaning forward, thinking it's their own fault they can't comprenez. But it's like double-talk.

"I was born in New Orleans, but my recent trip to the Mardi Gras was the first in years. I returned to my old haunts, one of which was a dive called Mary Jane's, where I was introduced as a home town boy who made good. I played the piano for them, like the old days, and then a fan came up and asked me for an autograph. I gave it to him, flattered. An hour later when I went to pay for a drink I found that this fan had picked my pocket."

DURING ONE OF the coldest and most blizzardly weeks of the winter, Columbia Broadcasting System correspondent Pete Kalischer came in from Tokyo on business. He spent a few nights in Connecticut at the home of his friend,

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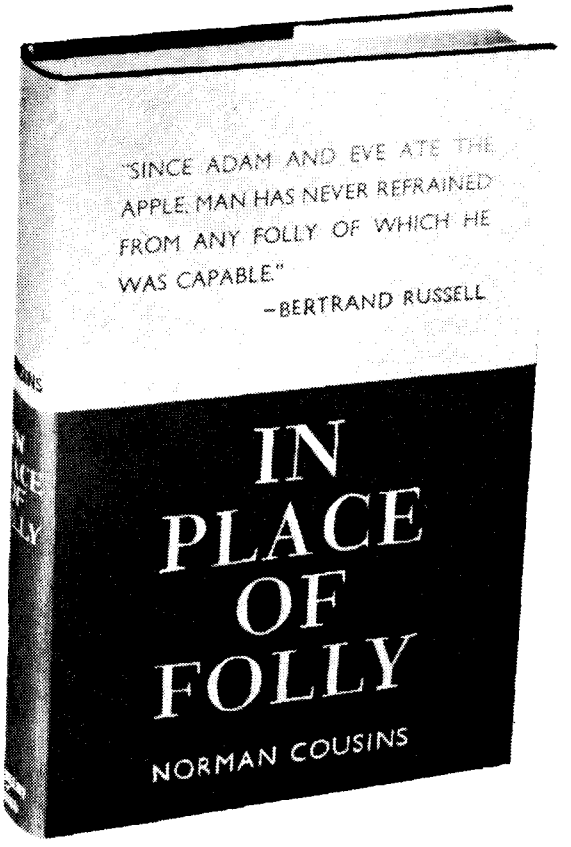
World peace or nuclear war?
A statement of the case for sanity

In PLACE of Folly

By NORMAN COUSINS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"Norman Cousins' prescription for salvation from impending nuclear doom should hearten despairing souls . . . It is the only rational substitute for the irrational folly of nuclear suicide."—ROGER BALDWIN, American Civil Liberties Union

"A factually solid, realistic confrontation of the nuclear threat to mankind. All persons interested in a human future on earth should welcome the candor and clarity with which Cousins analyzes our present predicament."—L. HAROLD DE WOLF, Professor of Systematic Theology, Boston University School of Theology

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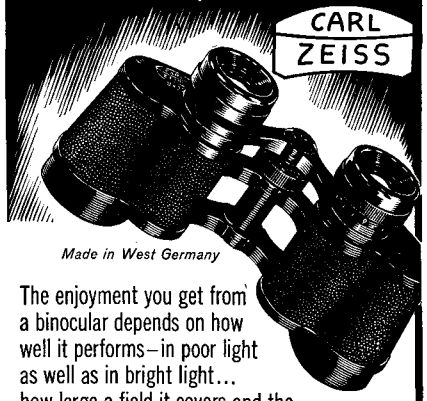

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Gordon Manning, *Newsweek* executive editor.

One night Kalischer began to shiver and shake and his teeth chattered like castinets. He was having a malaria attack and he was in misery. They tucked him in bed, where he rattled and perspired and gave instructions. The thing had been following him around the world since 1943 in India, so he knew exactly what to do.

"Call the pharmacy and ask them what cures they've got on hand," Kalischer ordered the Mannings between spasms.

That's why it was that the proprietor of the Westport drugstore picked up the phone one January night, when it was below zero and there were seven feet of snow against the windows, to have someone ask him:

"Say, whaddya have in the way of malaria remedies?"

It took some persuasion to get the chemists to discuss tropical diseases in that kind of weather, but when Kalischer himself got on the phone the man was convinced. They agreed on some compound, it was delivered, and before long Pete was as good as new.

TELLING THAT STORY reminds me of Jasper McLevy, who served as mayor of Bridgeport, Connecticut, for about twenty-eight years. He was known for his extreme thrift, and whenever a good blizzard brought the activities of the city to a halt, they pleaded with Jasper to okay special funds to clear the streets. "No," he would reply. "God placed the snow there, and God will remove it." He was always right, and that's how the streets were plowed for twenty-eight years.

TED BERNSTEIN, who did "Watch Your Language" for Channel Press, is now working on another book based on what he has taught and learned as assistant managing editor of the *New York Times*. He has seen a lot of copy cross his desk, and one problem is what he calls the "curdled cliché." In his new

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Paul Osborn and I were both crazy about Double-Crostics. Our wives accused us of cultivating them as a way of escaping our proper labors. At the height of the tirade, Paul whispered in a hopeful voice:

"Did you ever try the diagramless ones? You can waste a whole week that way."

His life might have been one of his novels

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volume, "The Careful Writer," he gives some examples. He says:

"Some writers not only set down a cliché with a flourish that suggests that they have just invented it, but also lack the wit to get it straight. Sam Goldwyn has been represented as the prototype of this breed, with such gems as: 'That's the way with directors, they're always biting the hand that lays the golden egg!'

"But Goldwynisms seem contrived, bearing the faint imprint of the press agent. It's hard to visualize a man actually saying, 'A verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's written on.'"

Bernstein then lists some curdled clichés with a flourish that suggests the writings of a certain newspaperman (who of necessity must be nameless). They are remarkable, and put Sam Goldwyn to shame:

I racked my brains back and forth over that problem.

It's in the lap of the cards.

It's an enigma on Russia's escutcheon.

The prisoner gave a facetious name.

Something seemed to be prying on her mind.

He'd better watch out; he's skating on thin ground.

She blew the rug out from under my sails.

Senator Long lowered the whistle on McCarthy.

Bernstein concludes by saying that "no writer who heeds what he is doing would be guilty of such offenses as these. But writers are not always alert. How else explain that one reports that beetles are ravishing trees and another says praise in being languished on someone? Writing calls for clear and careful thought, and cannot be done by ear or by rote. He who disregards this warning is skating on mighty thin ground."

IDDZIES: "The First Book of the Antarctic" (Watts) is authored by Captain J. B. Icenhower.

► I notice that Mrs. Kennedy's fish chowder recipe has salt pork in it. Is that okay?

► Restaurateur Rosoff illustrates the impact of television on children. His ten-year-old daughter noticed Hesketh Pearson's "G.B.S." on the night table. "Daddy," she said, "they made a mistake. It should be C.B.S."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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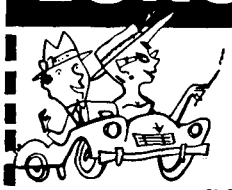

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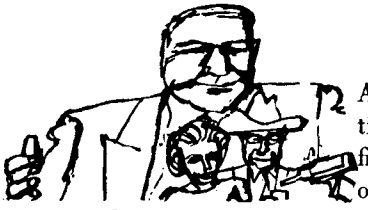
Many are the men of literary stature in the political constellation of Washington today. There is, for instance, JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH, Ambassador to India and author of such as *The Great Crash, The Liberal Hour,* and the much touted *Affluent Society.* Then there is ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., Special Assistant to the President and author of *The Politics of Upheaval,* the third volume of *The Age of Roosevelt,* a book which Walter Johnson praised in *Saturday Review* as a "splendid panorama of the U.S. during 1935 and 1936." And EDWIN O. REISCHAUER, Ambassador to Japan, has quite ably demonstrated his knowledge of the area in *East Asia: The Great Tradition,* written in collaboration with JOHN K. FAIRBANK.

Novelist JOHN DOS PASSOS and poet ARCHIBALD MACLEISH have brightened this year their steller reputations. Praise similar to this of John Chamberlain has greeted *Midcentury* from all quarters: "Now, in a sudden fusion and heightening of all his many skills — as novelist, poet, and dramatic narrator of historical fact — Dos Passos has come forth with the most satisfying work of his long career." ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, three-time Pulitzer Prize winner and author of *J.B.,* has, according to Gay Wilson Allen in the *New York Times,* made in *Poetry and Experience* "A serious and provocative contribution to the theory of poetry, an impressive effort by a poet, scholar and man of the world to find a meaningful relation between the poet and the world."



Authors whose reputations are not yet of the first magnitude because of their recent arrival on the literary horizon may nevertheless be distinguished without the aid of a telescope thanks to these splendid directions by today's critics: Maurice Dolbier speaks of WILLIAM BRAMMER and *The Gay Place,* a novel of love and politics in a large southwestern state: "in this initial appearance, he shows himself to be one of the ablest novelists now writing in America. . . . to match the excitement and promise of Mr. Brammer's debut you'd have to go back to 1938, when first novelists Robert Penn Warren and Dorothy Baker had awards for *Night Rider* and *Young Man with a Horn* respectively." Charles Rolo speaks of Wilfred Sheed and *A Middle Class Education,* a fictional incision into undergraduate life, here and abroad: "A keen sense of the bogus and a derisive gaiety, backed by an ear for dialogue and a general command of language which are really first rate." Victor Chapin speaks of JAN STEPHEN and *I Have a Great Desire,* the story of a love against reason: In this first novel, brilliant gifts are evident on almost every page. Jan Stephen is a master of short, cutting phrases that are striking in their precision and accuracy." The *Washington Post* says of DAVID HALBERSTAM and *The Noblest Roman,* a novel of a virtuoso at bootlegging and an amateur at law who collide in a game both can lose: "A cracking good yarn . . . with a lot that keeps the reader going on for 'just one more chapter' right to the end of the book."

DAPHNE ROOKE, who already has had a Book of the Month selection, *Mittee,* to her credit, has written another novel of South Africa, *A Lover for Estelle,* which *Atlantic* praises for its "elegant writing" and recommends as "a clever piece of literary sleight of hand."

In the space age, even publishers may use the terminology. Since we have already likened the novelists and poets to stars, it might not be too great a stretch of the metaphor to liken historians and biographers to planets. One easily recognizable body would be that of ELTING MORISON, whose biography of Henry Lewis Stimson entitled *Turmoil and Tradition* received the unstinted praise of James MacGregor Burns in the *Saturday Review:* "His evocation of the mood of the times is superb . . . the author has achieved brilliantly his aim of following Stimson's long journey out of the innocence of the nineteenth century into the tumult of the twentieth." MARTIN DUBERMAN and his biography, *Charles Francis Adams: 1807-1886,* have emerged sharply into focus with the extremely quotable front-page review in the *New York Times:* " . . . written with the clearness and simplicity befitting Adams' straightforward character. . . . a useful, sound, and thorough chronicle of a great American career."

Now, *The S-Man* by MARK CAINE, This Machiavellian volume defies classification, in space or out. Mostly it is a guide, sardonic and epigrammatical, to success that will point out the way for you to get ahead without losing your own. "I don't suppose a dead pan joke could better succeed," said Robert Paul Smith.

Houghton Mifflin Company

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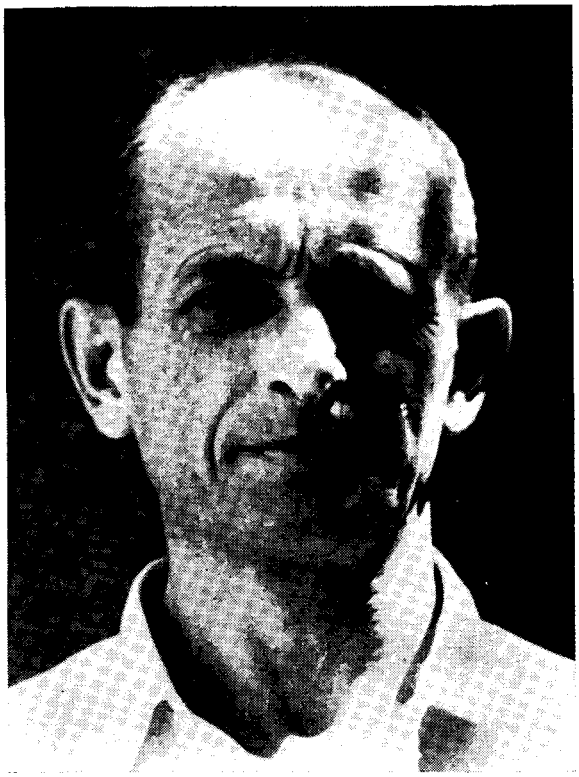
Saturday Review
APRIL 8, 1961



EICHMANN GOES ON TRIAL

A two-part preview by Horace Sutton, SR associate editor, and Hans Zeisel, professor of law and sociology at the University of Chicago Law School.

1. The Charged Air

By HORACE SUTTON

TEL AVIV.

SPRING has always been a fateful season for Adolf Eichmann, and it is spring in Israel. The anemones grow deep red and wild by the side of the road bordering the paths where singing girl soldiers march in cadenced step; and the almond blossoms have burst into popcorn trees on the hilly highway to Jerusalem.

It was, after all, only last spring, on the very first day of it, that Adolf Eichmann, camouflaged under the name of Ricardo Klement and posing as the second husband of Frau Eichmann, came home from his factory job in Buenos Aires carrying a bouquet of flowers. If the Israeli agents who were watching had harbored any doubts about the true identity of Ricardo Klement, the flowers erased them. They knew that Adolf Eichmann had been married on March 21, 1935. Why would Frau Eichmann's second husband be bringing home flowers to celebrate the wedding date of her marriage to Eichmann? A cable went out to Tel Aviv from the Israeli agents in Buenos Aires. "THE MAN IS THE MAN," it read.

This year "the man" observed his wedding anniversary far from his wife. She was in the shabby house in an isolated suburb of Buenos Aires. He was being held somewhere near Haifa in a Teggart, one of the self-contained fortresses built by the British at vital crossroads during the Palestine trouble.

The responsibility for maintaining Eichmann in custody until the case could be drawn up, a matter that has taken eleven months, was assigned to the chief of police of Haifa, an Israeli port city of 300,000 on the Mediterranean. In tiny Israel, only three and a half miles wide at its narrowest point, rimmed by hostile Arab borders and inhabited by hundreds of thousands of victims of Eichmann's campaign of genocide, keeping Eichmann alive has proven a monumental problem. The authorities have had to guard against an attempt at his deliverance by neo-Nazis, by old Nazis who still operate a virile underground that helped him escape to South America, and by sympathetic Arabs. Moreover, the Haifa police have had to keep him secure from Jews who might not be willing to wait for the processes of law that have been in preparation these eleven months.

Since his capture in the Argentine, his transfer to Israel, and his incarceration somewhere within the Biblical vicinity of Mount Carmel, Eichmann has shown an unquenchable desire to talk. It began with the voluntary statement he gave in Argentina to the agents who captured him. Since his arrival here he has recorded seventy tapes, which have been transcribed to some 3,500 triple-spaced pages. While Eichmann was recording, the Israeli police organized an investigative bureau which it dispatched across Europe in search of facts that would support the charges on which Eichmann is being held—crimes against the Jewish people, the only ones in Israeli law, along with treason and inciting war, that carry the death penalty. In the beginning this investigative squad was known as a "special" unit, an adjective that had to be dropped when it was recalled that "special" was a favorite euphemism of the Nazis. Their wartime "special commandos" were the death

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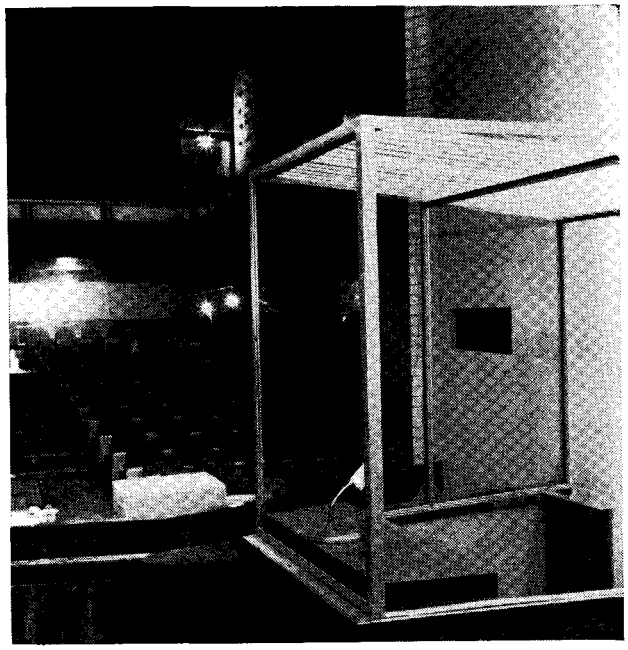

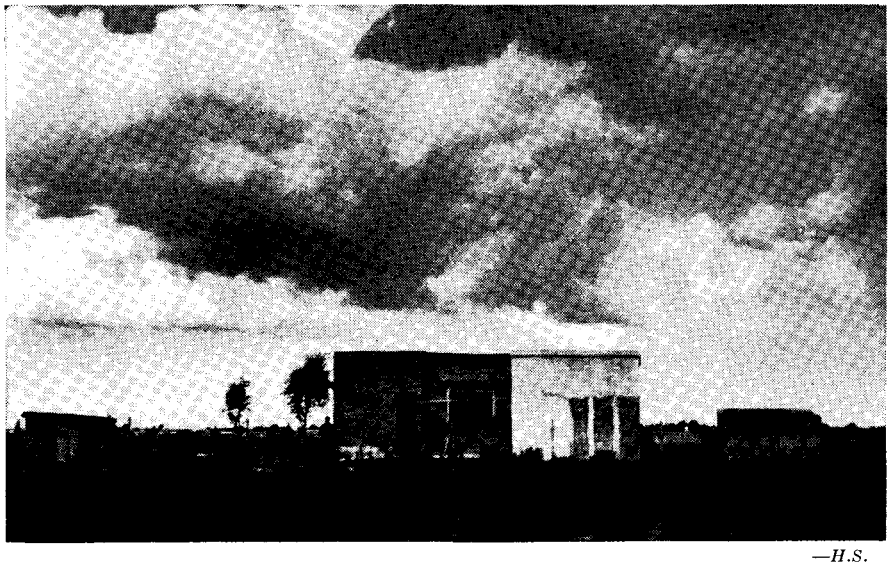

Within blocks of the Jordanian border, whence deliverance could conceivably come, stands the community center, above, where Eichmann will be tried. The witness box, top right, enclosed in bullet-proof glass, resembles booths used in U.S. quiz shows. The final tip-off was a bunch of flowers that Eichmann was bringing to his wife in this homemade house, right, in a remote suburb of Buenos Aires.

—*H.S.*

squad and "special treatment" meant death in a concentration camp. To the five regular branches of the Israeli police, the Eichmann investigation added a new mission, and the "special" group became Bureau 06.

On the facts gathered by Bureau 06, the Attorney General has drawn up a fifteen-count indictment against Eichmann. They range from the shipment of 100 children from Lidice in Czechoslovakia to Poland and their murder there (listed as a crime against humanity) and causing Jewish women in the ghetto at Kovno to undergo operations for abortion in all stages of pregnancy, to enforcing the sterilization of all offspring of mixed marriages. As master of the plan, he is charged with devising and organizing the systematic extermination of the Jewish population, known in Nazi terminology as the "final solution of the Jewish problem" in eighteen countries as well as the annexed Baltic states of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia.

Although an estimated half of the Jewish residents in Israel were directly affected by Eichmann's campaign, and would willingly appear against him, the prosecution has drawn up a tight list of thirty-nine witnesses. No one yet knows who the defense, headed by German attorney Robert Servatius, will call in Eichmann's support. Depositions, already given by captured Nazis and other Germans, have provided only damning evidence against Eichmann. Then, too, other Nazis, still at large, and willing to appear in Eichmann's behalf, in spite of the guarantees which the Israel government might itself be willing to give, would certainly find themselves about as free of eventual escape as a tiger at a royal hunt. Eichmann may be a witness in his own behalf, and most circles seem agreed that the Servatius defense plan will revolve on the question of responsibility, with a strong effort made to show that, however appalling those statutes may have been, Eichmann was operating within German law at the time.

ISRAELI law, however, has already proven, in the renowned Kafar Kessen case, that a subordinate may not carry out an immoral and illegal order. Kafar Kessen was an Arab village, part of which was massacred by Israeli troops during the Sinai campaign. Four enlisted men drew long jail terms, and the major in charge of the unit, even though he was not present at the time, is serving a seventeen-year sentence. Still, as legal dilettantes trying to divine what route Servatius plans point out, the laws of Israel did not decree that

(*Continued on page* 49)

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2. *Who Are the Guilty?*

By HANS ZEISEL

THE TRIAL of Adolf Eichmann is likely to make all the wrong points, because neither the procedure nor the substance of our criminal law fits such a case. Our criminal law has meaning only for crimes that lie within the range of human understanding; at least the worst among us must recognize some remote affinity. But this crime lies too far beyond ordinary human experience to make such recognition possible.

And yet, if all criminals are to be punished, it would seem that we can scarcely permit the most terrible to remain unpunished. Moreover, it is the larger purpose of the Eichmann trial, we are given to understand, to reawaken the conscience of the world to the horrors of this tragedy. But it is precisely with respect to this larger aim that I fear the trial will fail.

Eichmann's trial will keep us from seeing our share in this catastrophe because, by comparison, our share must look infinitesimal. And yet, what ought to matter is not the absolute comparison but the relative comparison with our respective consciences. Thus, while I find myself curiously uninterested in any interrogation of Eichmann, I would be interested in talking to a number of my fellow men.

I would like to talk, for instance, to the man who was the Czech Minister of the Interior on March 12, 1938. On the early afternoon of that day Hitler's troops began to invade Austria, and the evening express left shortly thereafter from Vienna for Czechoslovakia. On this train were the 300 most wanted Austrians: democrats, Jews, socialists, the most valiant of Hitler's foes. Hardly one had a Czech visa; the catastrophe had come too suddenly. But they expected nothing worse than temporary internment from the democratic sister republic. Yet when the train arrived on Czech territory, the Czech police were waiting for them with mounted bayonets. They pushed every one of these men, women, and children who had no visa back into the train, closed it, and sent it back to Austria. And so these 300 Austrians, except for the handful who managed to jump off the train, went first to jail, from there to concentration camp, and then to their death.

I would like to talk to the seven men who were the archbishops of Austria at that time. On the second Sunday after Hitler's arrival, they posted a Solemn Declaration on every street corner and had it read from every pulpit, welcoming Hitler and his followers to Austria:

> Our thousand-year-old longing for the unification of the German people has been fulfilled. . . . We joyfully recognize that the National Socialist movement has produced outstanding achievements. . . . On Plebiscite Day we expect all faithful Christians to take cognizance of what they owe to their nation!

I would like to talk to those guardians of our conscience, who wrote these words after having watched six years of Hitler's Germany.

I would like to talk to the Swiss who was president of the International Committee of the Red Cross during the years that followed. I would want to ask him why he disregarded a brief that had been drafted by the late Dr. Siegfried Z. Kantor, the last elected president of the Austrian Bar and a president of the International Union of Advocates. A distinguished jurist and stubborn humanitarian, Dr. Kantor argued in moving and compelling terms the duty of the Red Cross to ask the German Government, a treaty power to the Geneva Convention, for permission to visit its death camps and, if it were refused, to notify the world with the full power of its moral authority. From the reports on its activities that have since been published, we know how the Red Cross during those crucial years moved cautiously before the German Government, how it accepted one delaying refusal after another, and how, when it finally made its first visit to Auschwitz in September, 1944, fully realizing what went on, it responded by sending only food parcels. Acting with prudence instead of with compassion, one of the few potential organs of humanity remained silent to the very end of the tragedy.

I WOULD like to talk to the Englishman who forms one of the links in the negotiations involving Eichmann's proposal to exchange 1,000,000 Jews for 10,000 trucks. This is not to comment on this proposal, but to recall one phrase from a conversation between this man and the Jewish messenger, Joel Brand, who reports this comment: "A million! What on earth are you thinking of? What should we do with a million Jews?"

I would like to talk to some of the American consuls of those days who administered our immigration laws with great rigor. I would like to talk, for instance, to the man who was our Consul in Vienna in 1941. At the most critical hour, the High Commissioner of the Philippines had cabled a visa for my aunt to Vienna. Yet the Consul refused, perhaps on orders, to issue it because of the danger of German spies infiltrating the country. My sixty-year-old aunt was one of these dangerous spies who duly went her way to the gas chamber.

And I would like to talk to the man in our State Department who many years later provided, for the benefit of our Consuls overseas, an official interpretation of the Displaced Persons Law, which reserved a special immigration quota for refugees of "German origin" who had fled the satellite countries. The Department took it upon itself to define the term in racist language, advising our consulates that applicants ought to be "characteristically Germanic," as defined by "ancestors," "language," and such "common attributes . . . of the Germanic group as . . . church affiliation, social and political associations, [and] name."

It would not be difficult to expand this series of Czechs, Austrians, Swiss, British, and Americans to others: to the Soviet Union, for example, which was perhaps the only country on earth that accepted practically no refugees at all at that time; and to all the Germans who were not Nazis but cynically or negligently permitted the cancer to grow in their midst.

THE point here is that these incidents or others may well come up in the Eichmann trial, but if so they are likely to be brought up by the wrong side, the defense. And since none can in any way mitigate Eichmann's guilt, they will rightly be disregarded. Moreover, the guilt of the worst of those men who failed to help is not even remotely comparable to that of the Nazis.

The trial will keep us from connecting the 6,000,000 dead Jews with the next realistic opportunity at which we might elect to kill 6,000,000 civilians. War still ranks so high among our institutions that we cannot yet see any parallel between the gas chambers of Auschwitz and the bomb. That is because our moral vision is not yet penetrating enough to permit us to see that for the victims of such mass killings, differences in mode or motive would be relatively insignificant.

The trial will make it, if anything, easier for the shouting mothers in Louisiana or the parading students in

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A Correspondence of Critics

By Granville Hicks

EDWARD DAHLBERG'S first book, "Bottom Dogs," published nearly thirty years ago, won a certain reputation, partly because D. H. Lawrence had written an introduction for it, partly because it seemed a prime example of what was then called the proletarian novel. Since that time he has written more criticism than fiction, and has been known in literary circles for the range and fervor of his dislikes. Estimable men of letters have praised his books, especially "Can These Bones Live," but to me his insights have seemed less extraordinary than his blind spots.

One of Dahlberg's admirers is Sir Herbert Read, a distinguished poet and an excellent critic of both literature and art. Just last year Read wrote an introduction for a new edition of "Can These Bones Live," and now the two have joined together to produce **"Truth Is More Sacred"** (Horizon Press $4.95).

The book is made up of a series of letters in which Dahlberg and Read express their views on James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Henry James, T. S. Eliot, and Ezra Pound. Dahlberg, as anyone who knows his work would expect, has no good word to say for any of these writers. On the contrary, he expresses himself, as I shall show, with a violence of temper not often matched in the history of criticism. And Read replies gently, discriminatingly, persuasively.

Dahlberg opens up on "Ulysses," which he calls "a twenty-four hours' journey through ordure, a street-urchin's odyssey of a doddering phallus." It is, he says, "the novel of epic cowardice" and "the symptom of all our disgraces," and he calls it "intractably lascivious." "James Joyce," he continues, "wrote a canting, riffraff English," and he had "a cormorant vulgarity."

Read in his answers shows himself no worshiper of Joyce, but he defends him from Dahlberg's more extreme charges. "Ulysses" he calls "a sick book, but a significant one. A sick book for a sick age." Joyce, he obviously feels, came to a bad end, but he finds greatness in many parts of his work. He is, as I am, embarrassed by Dahlberg's attack on Joyce's morals.

It is Read who opens the exchange on Lawrence, and he does so with a strong affirmation: "I shall maintain that Lawrence, all things considered, is the greatest 'writer' of our generation; but great, not as an artist, but as a moralist." Dahlberg, of course, will have none of this. He ridicules Lawrence's style, and denounces his views on sex. Read cannot deny Lawrence's "ambiguous eroticism," but he ends with reaffirmation: ". . . he was a great leader, a great changer of the blood in the veins of men."

James rouses Dahlberg to fury: "Henry James was as debilitated in his books as Pope was in life. . . . The noise of the magpie is no more of a garrulous chatterer than James's prose. . . . James was the canniest peeping male that ever observed feminine habits. . . . Henry James never wrote a single virile page in his life." To this Read replies with a temperate and just analysis of James's greatness. "Art, as you know," he says, "has its saints and martyrs, its prophets and evangelists, and for me Henry James has something in him of them all."

The friends disagree once more on Eliot and Pound. Read says that reading "The Waste Land" for the first time was "an authentic and incomparable poetic experience." "Eliot," he writes, "was the prophetic poet of our time, projecting the images of our guilt and remorse, accusing our consciousness of corruption, and recalling us to 'the Peace which passeth understanding.'" About Pound he has his reservations, but he admires the early Cantos. "Pound I see as a tragic figure, deserving our pity and not our condemnation."

IF Dahlberg is moved at all by Read's words, it is only to greater vehemence. "Eliot," he says, "is the St. John the Baptist of the mediocre man coming out of the London drawing-room with tea, marmalade and toast." After quoting from Pound, he writes, "These lines drool from a maulkin who wipes the words from her chin as though they were foam and spittle." He devotes considerable space to commenting on the way Eliot and Pound borrow from other writers, and this leads Read to give him an elementary and much needed lecture on fragmentation and eclecticism as characteristics of the art, literature, and music of our time.

Perhaps the most extraordinary passage is that in which Dahlberg accuses Read of praising Eliot out of friendship: "You told me in New York that T. S. Eliot had been a friend of yours for above forty years. Now before you defend this *mungrell* versifier I must needs cite Sokrates, who asserted that truth is more sacred than friend ship." And he returns to the theme. "I beg you, then, because of my admiration for you as a person and a marvelous prose stylist, to break the old memories." Read replies to this impudence with great dignity.

IN the course of the discussion of James, Read sums up his disagreement with Dahlberg:

> You are absolute for the truth, and like a Grand Inquisitor, would send to the stake any author who in any respect offends your dogma. . . . Your conception of the great writer is that of a sage or a seer, a patriarch who instructs his people in a voice of authority, and castigates them with whips of scorn when they are weak and errant. . . . I could not live so intolerantly. I am a relativist, grateful for any glance of beauty that I encounter as I read, and not anxious to erect monuments of granite on Parnassus. I am always for discrimination, which I would oppose to judgment.

Read is too kind in accusing Dahlberg only of intolerance, for he is equally guilty of insensitivity. What are we to make of a critic who has only jeers for five of the greatest writers of the past century? Are we to assume, as he would like us to, that his standards are so high and so pure that he inevitably looks down on writers of this caliber? Are we not rather to conclude that his esthetic capacities are defective? This conclusion is forced upon us when we compare Dahlberg's comments with Read's. We may or may not agree with all of Read's evaluations, but we know that he always responds to excellence.

Dahlberg's failure to respond is so complete that we look for an explanation. It seems to me that he is writing out of hatred and jealousy as if Joyce, Lawrence, James, Eliot, and Pound had done him some harm. And perhaps they have, just by being what they are, which is so much more than he could ever be. Read, in spite of all his disagreements, finds something noble in Dahlberg's intransigence, but it seems to me that the latter is simply mean-spirited. Truth may or may not be more sacred than friendship—Read raises a reasonable question about that—but it is most certainly more sacred than envy.

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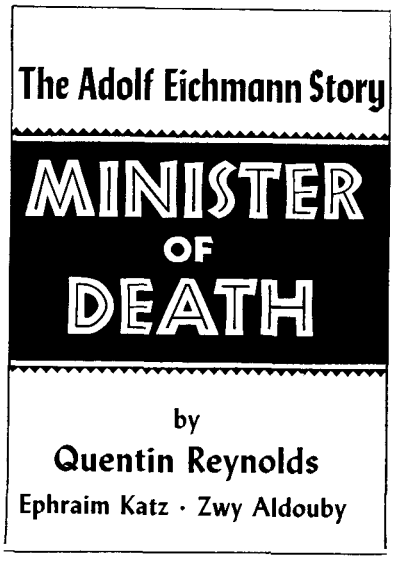
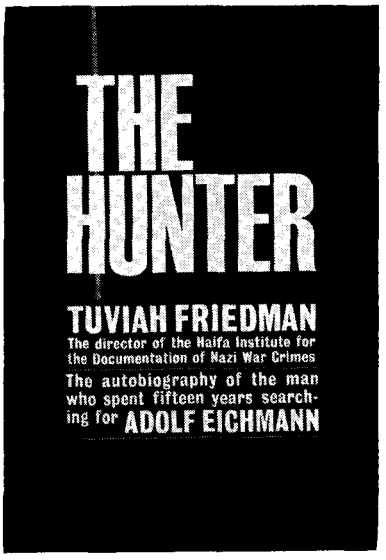
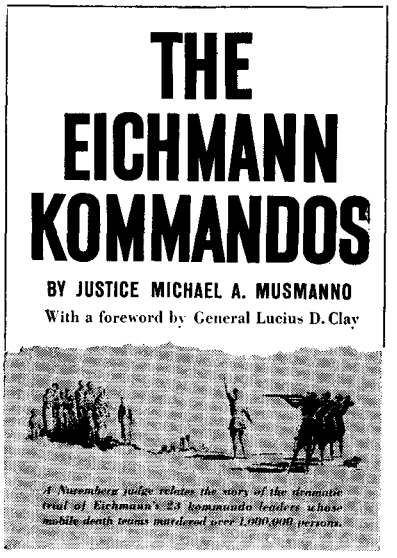
Books in the News




THE HUNTER
TUVIAH FRIEDMAN
The director of the Haifa Institute for the Documentation of Nazi War Crimes
The autobiography of the man who spent fifteen years searching for ADOLF EICHMANN


THE EICHMANN KOMMANDOS
BY JUSTICE MICHAEL A. MUSMANNO
With a foreword by General Lucius D. Clay
A Nuremberg judge relates the story of the dramatic trial of Eichmann's 23 kommando leaders whose mobile death teams murdered over 1,000,000 persons.

The Spread of Evil

By S. L. A. MARSHALL, *author of "Sinai Victory."*

NO CRIMINAL, no fiend, ever has been more thoroughly indicted, tried, and condemned prior to trial than Adolf Eichmann. His judge and jury are the press—newspapers, magazines—the writers and publishers of current books.

No monster ever got such monstrous pre-trial attention. The unanimous verdict is in: He is guilty of genocide, crimes against humanity, and the fracture of every heavenly commandment. Throw the book at him; nay, throw all the books at him. To say that not one word has been said in his favor is not to imply that a single person has been unfair to him.

Author Quentin Reynolds, law-giver Justice Musmanno, and avenger Tuviah Friedman, being of quite differing callings, backgrounds, temperaments, and connections with this case, and having little in common except their aversion to the subject, necessarily approach the Eichmann story from widely divergent angles. The result is three books which are as startlingly unlike in their presentations as in their literary quality. They agree as to the enormity of Eichmann's crimes and that's about all.

"The Hunter" (Doubleday, $3.95) has a real-life theme that will recall "Rogue Male." Tuviah Friedman was a youthful Polish Jew at war's beginning, son of a close-knit and prosperous family. Miraculously surviving the years of death and torture, he spent the postwar years tracking down some of the worst brutes in the Hitler pack. During all that time he never heard of Eichmann.

Then somebody gave him the name. Thereafter, as he tells it, he stayed doggedly on the trail, devoting his life to running down Eichmann. Others in Israel lost interest. He shamed and aroused them. He sees himself as the central figure—the hero—the man who finally got Eichmann. The book rings with self-praise for noble sacrifice.

But the theme doesn't quite wash; there's a fizzle at the end. Friedman didn't get Eichmann. The Israeli Intelligence tracked him down by the simple expedient of getting on a plane when Frau Eichmann flew to Argentina and following her to the hideout.

That's relatively unimportant. The Friedman story raises other disturbing questions. More than half of it is devoted to the author's personal ordeal, the agony of his people, and the operations of the Nazi killers and torturers during the black years. It is a grisly exposition of sadism and barbarism. Obviously, Friedman could not keep notes. Yet the narrative is embellished with detail far beyond the skill of a trained diarist. Is that kind of recall ever possible out of years of inordinate pressure and horror? Men are not capable of it in war. The performance but raises questions about Mr. Friedman's reliability as a witness.

Mr. Reynolds never lets anything interfere with the spinning of a suspense-filled yarn. For authenticity and documentation he had the assistance of two Israeli journalists, Ephraim Katz and Zwy Aldouby, who have long been on the Eichmann story. They served him well. However, **"Minister of Death"** (Viking, $5) is written as a cliff-hanger, opening on a note of mystery—the excitement of the chase and the audacity of the abduction.

Thereafter, the author backtracks to the personal story of Eichmann as a youth, his early relations with Hitler, the genesis of the "solution to the Jewish problem" madness, the extent of the Eichmann crimes, the rise of Israel, the role of the avengers, etc. We have here a pretty thorough coverage of the monster's career, replete with shock. The book is well done with respect to statistics and evaluation of the case. But between flashbacks and jumps forward, its continuity and organization suffer. In overstraining to write excitingly, Mr. Reynolds has vitiated the more serious values of a highly informative work. Also, the coverage of the years when Eichmann was a fugitive would have been better left thin than filled with speculative material.

Justice Musmanno must have spent years writing **"The Eichmann Kommandos"** (Macrae Smith, $3.95). It is a scholarly, deeply reflective work, done by a jurist whose prose style merits comparison with the writings of Justices Holmes and Cardozo. No more penetrating study of the perversion of mind within the Hitler coterie, which made the Eichmann crimes possible, has been written by anyone.

After the great tribunal condemned

(*Continued on page* 48)

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The Critics Go to the Poll

FIFTY titles published between January 1 and May 30 were nominated by one or more of forty-eight leading newspaper critics in *SR*'s spring survey of important new books. "Midcentury," John Dos Passos's sequel to "U.S.A.," heads the list with thirteen votes. Second place goes to "Resistance, Rebellion, and Death," essays by the late Albert Camus, chosen by eleven critics; while nine favored Irving Stone's biographical romance about Michelangelo, "The Agony and the Ecstasy." Eight of the reviewers agreed on three books about faraway places, and six came out for Graham Greene's "A Burnt-Out Case."

THIRTEEN VOTES

MIDCENTURY. By John Dos Passos. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

In this novel, which utilizes many of the technical devices that gave "U.S.A." its unique quality, the "camera eye" of the author is focused on labor's bitter struggle for power. (Bradley, Butcher, Cross, Culligan, Derleth, Flowers, Freedley, Klein, de Morinni, Reid, Tinkle, Williams, Wyllie.)

ELEVEN VOTES

RESISTANCE, REBELLION, AND DEATH. By Albert Camus. Knopf. $4.

Twenty-three essays, written between 1943 and 1957 and selected by the author, give insight into his artistry, philosophy, and character. (Alexander, Beatty, Derleth, Menn, de Morinni, Nordell, Peckham, J. K. Reid, J. K. Sherman, Tinkle, Wyllie.)

NINE VOTES

THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY. By Irving Stone. Doubleday. $5.95.

Michelangelo, the Renaissance painter, sculptor, poet, and architect, is vividly evoked, if somewhat bowdlerized, in this biographical novel. (H. Alexander, J. E. Alexander, Bond, Butcher, Grunewald, Peckham, Perkin, Reid, Scratch.)

EIGHT VOTES

JAPANESE INN. By Oliver Statler. Random House. $6.50.

Much of Japan's colorful past flows through this semifictional story of the Minaguchi, a 400-year-old wayfarer's inn on the Tokaido, the great road between Tokyo and Kyoto. (Cox, Cromie, Cullighan, Haas, Hogan, Laycock, de Morrini, Parsons.)

RING OF BRIGHT WATER. By Gavin Maxwell. Dutton. $5.

A remote island on the northwest coast of Scotland is the setting, and two enchanting otters play the leads in an account of a modern-day Robinson Crusoe. (Bingham, Douglas, Grieg, Lawrence, MacGregor, McSherry, Scratch, Troy.)

THE WHITE NILE. By Alan Moorehead. Harper. $5.95.

Richard Burton, David Livingstone, Samuel Baker, and Gordon of Khartoum are among the explorer-authors who appear in this study of the men who helped pioneer, and then wrote about, one of the world's greatest rivers. (Barkham, Butcher, Brunk, Douglas, Grunewald, McManis, Parsons, Sherman.)

SIX VOTES

A BURNT-OUT CASE. By Graham Greene. Viking. $3.95.

A spiritually depleted architect seeks refuge in a leprosery in the African jungle and finds salvation, of a sort, until the outside world bursts in. (Barkham, Brady, Chaney, Cross, Sherman, Thorpe.)

OTHER SELECTIONS

ABANDONED: The Story of the Greely Arctic Expedition 1881-1884. By A. L. Todd. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

THE AMERICA OF GEORGE ADE. Edited by Jean Shepherd. Putnam. $4.

ANNIE'S CAPTAIN. By Kathryn Hulme. Little, Brown. $5.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS 1807-1886. By Martin B. Duberman. Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.

THE CHATEAU. By William Maxwell. Knopf. $4.95.

CHINA COURT. By Rumer Godden. Viking. $4.50.

CITIZEN OF NEW SALEM. By Paul Horgan. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.75.

DOSTOYEVSKY: A Human Portrait. By Robert Payne. Knopf. $5.75.

THE DOUBLE AXE. By Lauren R. Stevens. Scribners. $3.95.

EAST ASIA: The Great Tradition. By Edwin O. Reischauer and John K. Fairbank. Houghton Mifflin. $12.50.

EINSTEIN ON PEACE. Edited by Otto Nathan and Heinz Norden. Simon & Schuster. $8.50.

FACT OF CRYSTAL. By Abbie Huston Evans. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

FATE IS THE HUNTER. By Ernest K. Gann. Simon & Schuster. $6.

THE FUTURE OF MANKIND. By Karl Jaspers. University of Chicago. $5.95.

THE GAY PLACE. By William Brammer. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

GIVE ME MYSELF. By Susan Sherman. World. $3.75.

THE GREAT LAKES FRONTIER. By John Anthony Caruso. Bobbs-Merrill. $6.50.

HARVEST ON THE DON. By Mikhail Sholokhov. Knopf. $5.

THE HERO. By Derek Monsey. Knopf. $3.50.

A HOUSE CALLED MEMORY. By Richard Collier. Dutton. $4.

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The Newspaper Critics

HOLMES ALEXANDER, *Tampa Tribune*
JAMES E. ALEXANDER, *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*
JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
RICHMOND C. BEATTY, *Nashville Tennessean*
MARY BINGHAM, *Louisville Courier-Journal*
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
CHARLES A. BRADY, *Buffalo Evening News*
CHARLOTTE BRUNK, *Des Moines Register & Tribune*
FANNY BUTCHER, *Chicago Tribune*
J. C. CHANEY, *Raleigh News & Observer*
L.D.T. COX, JR., *Charlotte* [N.C.] *News*
ROBERT CROMIE, *Chicago Tribune*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
GLENDY CULLIGAN, *Washington Post*
AUGUST DERLETH, Madison, Wis., *Capital Times*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *New York Herald Tribune*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
GEORGE FREEDLEY, *New York Morning Telegraph*
MICHAEL GRIEG, *San Francisco Examiner*
HUDSON GRUNEWALD, *Washington Star*
VICTOR P. HAAS, *Omaha World-Herald*
WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*
FRANCIS A. KLEIN, *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*
JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE, *Newark News*
EDWARD A. LAYCOCK, *Boston Globe*
MARTHA MACGREGOR, *New York Post*
JOHN E. MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
JACK MCPHAUL, *Chicago Sun-Times*
ELIZABETH A. MCSHERRY, *Hartford Courant*
THORPE MENN, *Kansas City Star*
PEGGY DE MORINNI, *Buffalo Courier*
ROD NORDELL, *Christian Science Monitor*
MARGARET PARSONS, *Worcester Evening Gazette*
STANTON PECKHAM, *Denver Post*
ROBERT L. PERKIN, Denver *Rocky Mountain News*
STAN PROGAR, *Los Angeles Herald Express*
MARGARET WALRAVEN REID, *Wichita Falls* [Tex.] *Times*
WALTER SCRATCH, *Hollywood* [Calif..] *Citizen-News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
GEORGE TROY, *Providence Journal*
WIRT WILLIAMS, *Los Angeles Times*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Destiny and Toole County, Mont.

TWO YEARS after President Harding took office, the symptoms of madness and badness later said to mark the decade of the 'twenties began to reveal themselves. Already in the spring of 1923, the failure of national prohibition was evident to everyone whose eyes were not sealed by bribes from the illicit liquor dispensers. Each drinker had his favorite speakeasy: these in New York expanded into night clubs with orchestras and floor shows under the expensive protection of the police. In Washington—though still behind the scenes—what proved to be the hottest scandal of recent American history was beginning to boil over a slow fire fed largely by the "Ohio gang." That this was known only to a few was due, perhaps, to the diversions furnished by the other madnesses: the Coué craze based on a practice of self-hypnosis supposed to engender peace of mind; the marathon dance in which men and women collapsed and sometimes died after days of continuous dancing; the behavior of the young folk with their hip flasks, rolled stockings and automotive sexual experiment, and the controversy over Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, victims of the red-baiting hysteria which had caught so few reds but so many innocent citizens. But in the spring of 1923, the doings of the Ohio gang and its disciples were becoming known to the President of the United States and would soon, after his tragic death in August, engross the attention of most of the American people.

As spring moved into summer, however, in that tragic year, 1923, public attention was further diverted by a flurry of excitement in the state of Montana. Writers who reflect on the phases of American history have since seen that episode as peculiarly symptomatic of the age—of all our frontier ages, indeed, when a last-minute miracle saved the lucky adolescent nation from disaster.

> The thing has happened often in this country [wrote Elmer Davis more than fifteen years later] on a larger scale. The European crop failure that got us out of the slump of the Seventies, the Klondike gold that helped cure the hard times of the Nineties, were as unpredictable as the discovery of oil in Montana, and such things created the state of mind of the Twenties, in which everything was possible.

The oil seemed to the people of that northwestern state the direct expression of the Almighty's gratitude for good works. For Montana's powers-that-be had gone far out on a limb to save the newly poor of that land.

> All the dry-farming areas were going broke in the early Twenties and families were moving away by the thousand. The leading men of Toole County, Mont., decided to stop that drift; they set all the destitute dry-landers to work building country roads, and paid them off with the county warrants. The roads led to nowhere in particular, the warrants were a local currency of dubious and diminishing value outside the county, but when at last the shortage of foreign exchange was about to wreck the experiment, somebody struck oil. Then the roads were needed to get to the oil fields and the warrants were easily paid off with taxes on the oil companies.

But like many a community in the high, wide and handsome days of the expanding frontier, Toole County was not content to relax and enjoy the return of prosperity. No, they must assist Divine Providence in leading them on to a bigger and better place in the sun.

> No wonder that men who had had such a signal proof that Destiny was on their side overreached themselves by offering a second challenge to probability.

Elmer Davis—"we cannot depend on Fate to deal us an ace off the bottom of the deck."

The particular challenge had a comic look to more adult and realistic outsiders, though its consequences were serious enough to its promoters. The challenge was a prize fight. If Champion Jack Dempsey and Challenger Tommy Gibbons could be induced to stage a bout in the town of Shelby, county seat of Toole County, the community would become the Mecca of fight fans from coast to coast, from Canada to the Gulf. Shelby (population 2,000) would become a thriving and splendid city and the future of the county if not of the entire state would be assured.

The reason Elmer Davis so long remembered this ephemeral episode was that he was objectively involved. As they had foreseen the sardonic overtones of the Ford peace crusade eight years earlier, the editors of the New York *Times* were quick to perceive the Shelby possibilities and sent a reporter to cover the fight whose wit, they knew, would be equal to it.

The fight was scheduled for Independence Day. When Davis arrived, the week before, it was raining in Shelby. Perhaps it was the weather—the deep mud through which he had to wade and the leaden look from the skies with which Destiny was regarding the whole of Toole County—that made his preliminary by-line columns so pessimistic. It was not, certainly, any shadow of foreboding among the people. The Fate that had disclosed the gusher at the precise brink of bankruptcy could not let them down. That by June 30 they were already $100,000 short on the money they had promised the Dempsey management led the reporters who had foregathered to wire their papers that the fight would be postponed if not canceled. But none of them understood the true gambling spirit of Shelby, once it was sure that the Almighty had loaded the dice.

Meanwhile, Davis took the pulse of the people. He pointed to the fact that the wife and kiddies of Tommy Gibbons were already at Shelby.

> Domesticity [he wrote] is one reason why the populace of the Northwest is mostly pulling for Gibbons. A fam-

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ily man who wants to have his family near his work, a breadwinner who shows the public the family that is supported by his efforts . . . naturally appeals to the moral, home-liking element in the community.

It seems to be Dempsey's luck, good or bad, that those who challenge him always become symbolic figures. Gibbons stands for the domestic virtues, Carpentier represented embattled and heroic France, the mother of arts and culture. Embattled and heroic France lasted a little over three rounds against Dempsey. If the domestic virtues manage to stick four or five rounds, it will be a triumph for American ideals of the Sanctity of the home.

Davis then made his own estimate of the boxers after visiting their camps.

Gibbons, handsome, good natured, easy going, letting his sparring partners off easily, contrasts sadly with Dempsey, whose ferocious ring face is one of his principal assets. Outside the ring Dempsey is anything but ferocious, but this afternoon, with nothing in front of him but a punching bag, he wore a black unshaven scowl that had something of the grim grotesqueness of an Assyrian king setting out to do something mean to his neighbors.

Returning from his visits, Davis discovered that twenty of Shelby's businessmen "have, since yesterday, come across with $5,000 each to pay Dempsey." Davis was still skeptical and predicted postponement, but he was wrong. The brave people of Shelby, by their heroic behavior, brought the fight to pass on July 4 as scheduled and remained broke forever afterward. Their only reward was to see Tommy Gibbons, champion of domesticity if not of heavyweights, last fifteen rounds against his fierce opponent, after which the referee gave Dempsey the decision. The box office receipts came nowhere near paying the costs—an event for which a skeptical press was only partly responsible. In 1939, when Davis recalled the occasion, the population of Shelby, Montana, was still approximately 2,000.

In its small way the Shelby collapse was a forerunner of the national catastrophe that was to come at the end of the decade. There was the same epidemic of blind overoptimism that had afflicted one state in 1923, multiplied, of course, by forty-eight. That the consequences of the national calamity were long-lasting is evident from Davis's note as late as 1939 when he wrote for "Topics of the Times":

Once more the time has come when we could use one of those interpositions of providence; but the eventual collapse of Shelby is a reminder that we cannot depend on Fate to deal us an ace off the bottom of the deck every time we need a happy ending.

—From "Don't Let Them Scare You: The Life and Times of Elmer Davis," by Roger Burlingame (to be published this month by Lippincott).

Perpetual Aggressor

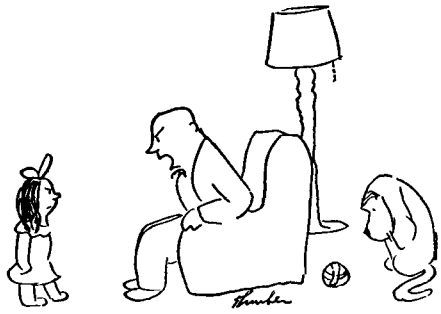
TWO JEWISH scholars, Talmon and Berkovitz, have analyzed my attitude correctly. Talmon finds that my irritation at the Jews, like my opposition to a Europocentric presentation of history, comes from a sense of guilt towards the Western colonial powers' subject peoples. In my eyes the West is a perpetual aggressor. I trace the West's arrogance back to the Jewish notion of a "Chosen People" . . . This analysis is acute, and I think there is some truth in it. On reconsideration, I do not find that I have changed my view of Zionism. I think that, in the Zionist movement, Western Jews have assimilated gentile Western Civilization in the most unfortunate possible form. They have assimilated the West's nationalism and colonialism . . . At the same time, on second thoughts, I do think it may be true that the vehemence of my condemnation of Zionism has been out of proportion to the magnitude of Zionism's guilt; and I also think that, if I have exaggerated, the psychological explanation of this exaggeration that has been suggested by Berkovitz may be the right one. . . . Zionists may exclaim in protest: "Are our misdeeds really as bad as those of our gentile Western neighbours?" And gentile Westerners may exclaim: "Are our misdeeds really as bad as those of the Aztecs and the Assyrians?" My answer to such protests would be that, in my eyes, a synoptic view of the histories of the civilizations gives the impression that all of them were philosophically equivalent.

I do not think that the Western Civilization's record has been below the average, but I find no evidence that it has been above it, and certainly no evidence that it is unique in its virtues any more than its vices.

—From "Reconsiderations: A Study of History, Volume XII," by Arnold J. Toynbee (to be published next month by Oxford).

Kooky

I AM NOW convinced that American radio, or what is left of it, is unconsciously intent (I hope it's unconsciously) upon driving such of its



—From "Lanterns & Lances."

listeners as are not already kooky, kooky. Before we proceed with the indictment, let's examine the slang noun "kook," from which the adjective "kooky" is derived. The newest Dictionary of American Slang has this to say about "kook": "n. An odd, eccentric, disliked person; a 'drip'; a nut. Teenage use since 1958; rapidly becoming a pop. fad word. Kooky, adj. Crazy, nuts; odd, eccentric; having the attributes of a 'drip.'"

It seems to me that the Dictionary of American Slang is a little odd or eccentric (I don't say crazy or nuts) when it fails to trace "kook" and "kooky" to the much older slang word "cuckoo" or "coo-coo." It might also have pointed out the possibility that the new word derives from Kukla of the old Kukla, Fran, and Ollie television program. According to the slang dictionary the female European cuckoo is the bird that lays its eggs in another bird's nest, which may be odd or eccentric, but, as any mother will tell you, is by no means crazy or nuts. The American female cuckoo, by the way, hatches its own eggs in its own nest—but let's not get so deeply into this that we can't get out.

—From "Lanterns and Lances," by James Thurber (to be published by Harper this month).

Mrs. Kennedy (Ethel)

BUT IT WAS to sister-in-law Ethel, Bobby Kennedy's pert little wife, that I quite lost my heart. We did not begin well. After one of my better speeches Ethel took me aside and looking up at me from her five-feet-one and her hundred pounds said bluntly, "I thought you made a grave mistake tonight, Mr. Michener."

I thought, "Who the hell is this dame to lecture me?" and I was about to turn away.

"What I mean is," she forged ahead, "when you tell the story of Brother Joe's being shot down and killed during the war . . ."

"It's one of the most effective ways

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FICTION

The Contemporary British Comic Novel

Satiric Eyes on a "Revolution-of-Sorts"

By SAUL MALOFF, *professor of English and American literature at the University of Puerto Rico, currently on leave of absence.*

TAKE at random any cluster of contemporary English novels which may in whatever sense be called "comic" and you will come away from the reading of them with anything but a clear and distinct impression. Why this should be so has as much to do with the nature of contemporary society as with its literature; but one would want to begin accounting for the reader's multiple and contradictory impressions by isolating two related reasons, both of them almost truistic. Though English society has undergone profound changes since the war, the revolution-of-sorts has been perfunctory and incomplete; it lost its thrust after a brief burst of surprising energy and froze in mid-action, all its parts showing absurdly to the comic and satiric eye. Alongside the glistening new, the old remains, if in somewhat battered and beset form, damaged yet seemingly indestructible, ludicrous and reproachful, reminding the new what it still has to contend with, acting as a point of reference—what is felt or directly apprehended in the comic novel (whether actually there on the scene or only implied) present as ground and background. It is, after all, the immediate and ongoing past; it persists in the memory and is there to be seen; perhaps powerless against some imaginable future, it nevertheless retains power; and, despised, it exerts its force. Within easy and impossible distance one from the other are the durable house and the housing estate, the fashionable London flat and the semi-detached villa in the suburban dormitory, the old and the red-brick universities, Imperial and Welfare Britain, the *Times* and the "new Left," the West End and Chelsea, the "City" and the industrial North, Aldermaston and Suez. Comedy, of course, is the exemplary social art; and that is one reason for indistinct impressions.

The other reason for the reader's ambiguous response to the varieties of the British novel is simply that the authors of those books will be variously committed as to their sense of a viable comic tradition, which may nowadays be another way of saying that their politics will differ—their politics of culture and society, their strategic points of view, the corner or margin or center from which they try to see what it is in society that moves and is moving, the moral base of their judgment.

Clearly, the massive changes wrought in the structure of English society by developments of the last two decades demanded radical adjustment of the inherited comic vision, and by causing new tensions between the emergent and the traditional, created new conditions for comedy—in fact, recreated the classic ground of comedy. In defiance of Lionel Trilling's pronouncement that since the middle class in England was in process of self-liquidation, manners no longer existed as material for the novel, this very process of liquidation itself provided rich and abundant material.

For an elder generation of writers, deeply committed to the old and its literary traditions, it was as though nothing had happened, which is to say that what had happened repelled them. Somerset Maugham, for example, in his notorious ill-tempered abuse of the Teddy boys of literature, reacts to their advent in a way reminiscent of Ortega's response to the advent of the "masses": What are they doing here, the Visigoths? Who invited them? What accents! The fury of his attack clearly derives from his horror of the changes implied; they are there, as he of course knows, precisely because things have happened which he, for one, would be helpless to deal with. Imagine a novel about the provincial working class by Ronald Firbank!

Nor is it a mere matter of a younger generation compulsively rejecting its immediate literary past in the immemorial manner; it is, rather, profoundly that they could not use that past, though they absorbed it—any more than some of the new playwrights, say John Osborne or Arnold Wesker or Shelagh Delaney, could use Noël Coward or Terence Rattigan. It is finally a matter of what you see and how you see it from where you stand, how things look, not from the drawing-room but from the bed-sitting-room and pub and basement digs. What did seem relevant, however, were the contemporary possibilities of the knockabout novel of the eighteenth century, the picaresque novel; and the relevant examples seemed to be such writers as Fielding and Smollett and Sterne and Defoe, their vigor and masculinity—rather than Firbank's chic and giggling and fey fantasies, Anthony Powell's polish and upper-middle-class scene, Evelyn Waugh's

From Six British Authors, "a Montage of Images"

Spark

Amis

Muggeridge

Sharp

Bates

Norman

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sadistically brilliant high comedy, Angus Wilson's smartness and aplomb, or Ivy Compton-Burnett's marvelous, immaculate feats of control and devastation.

The victim and his condition seemed relevant; the feckless, uncommitted anti-hero exploring in motion the territory between his worlds—the rogue and the spiv seeing what he can see and looking for a way to live with it, in a life that must be created as it is lived because there is no precedent for it and no informing tradition in which conduct is learned by enacting it, by trying it out and seeing what happens, how much damage is done; the picaro whose vitality is his triumph, who will always improvise something, and manage to come away from it all still on his feet, still running, always in motion. We are here with the much-publicized "hero" and in the now-famous world of Kingsley Amis and John Wain, of John Braine and Thomas Hinde, of Alan Sillitoe and Keith Waterhouse, of Doris Lessing and the transplanted American J. P. Donleavy—of, properly speaking, a generation of writers.

Take, then, a cluster of contemporary novels, and they will present to the reader not a tendency, not a "movement," not a generation projecting in compliance with their publicity a single image, but a variety of stances, a montage of images, the several modes of maintaining the comic voice and vision before the actual diversity of contemporary life. Depending, obviously, on what you see and where you stand, those images of apprehended reality will seem to you more or less relevant.

Consider a novelist like Kingsley Amis. In his most recent book, "**Take a Girl Like You**" (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95), he is strongest, as he was in the best passages of his earlier work, when he is writing straightforward comedy of manners based on his perception of the style and quality of life in the industrial suburb, the red-brick university, the provincial university that he has steadily projected from the beginning of his career. And his great gift has always been that of eye and ear, that of observer—his uncanny sense of the revealing and *placing* detail; by describing, he *locates* with absolute precision. We are back with his scruffy schoolteacher (an amorous Latin master in a second-rate school), observing his tactics of assault upon the virtue of a rather nice girl from the provinces. At the level of plot, of story, that's all there is to it; yet this is Amis's biggest, most ambitious (and best) novel; if that were indeed all, it would be a catastrophe of proportion. We remain steadily interested long after we have ceased caring whether or not he beds the girl; what maintains the novel's liveliness and energy is precisely the continuous defining observation: the observed actuality itself creates the comedy as it does its social and personal world, and establishes manners and conduct in the boarding houses and sleazy flats. The mucker-hero of the novel is Amis's kind of "bastard" (as he likes to think of himself)—a very moral bastard who worries about his actions all the time and hates himself afterwards; and that is the world of Welfare England Amis has created, with its lower-middle-class types, educated beyond their station and income, finding out how to live marginally, what to do with their freedom, and what its limits and possibilities are.

Frank Norman, who has achieved for himself something of a reputation as a British Damon Runyon, is having us on, getting by on the smallest, slightest talent, writing his sketches of Soho bums and drifters and con-men and other assorted types with his eye fixed on guys and dolls and his ear to cockney rhyming slang. The glimpses of the East End in "**Stand on Me**" (Simon & Schuster, $3.75) are merely for the edification and entertainment of those from another part of the city who may be seeking vitality wherever they can find it, whether or not it is actually there. Social change also creates a market for internal tourism: not having known previously that there is such a place as below, one wants, apparently, to find out what is stirring there; you can tell such a tourist anything and he'll gladly believe you, so long as it isn't true.

Only so can we account for the recent work of H. E. Bates, who is a far more gifted writer than one would suppose from his "**Hark, Hark, the Lark**" (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.75). Here, he goes back to the exhausted vein of "The Darling Buds of May," setting his boisterous Larkins (in what we are meant to take as their robust charm and vigorous gaiety) against the effete, listless, pretentious Londoners who invade their domain. Slick, pat, mechanical, strident with fake hilarity and animal spirits, the novel merely exploits, is really a parody of, the comedy of manners, remains a variant of the city slicker-country bumpkin joke, though this time it is the latter who drives the Rolls, and triumphs.

Of these three books only one can be taken seriously as art, but all are contemporary. As against these, there is hardly any way of telling that Malcolm Muggeridge's "**Affairs of the Heart**" (Walker, $3.50) was not written in the Twenties; leaning heavily on the meager resources of the malicious, shapely wisecrack, Mr. Muggeridge's conception of social satire—so appalled is he by recent social history—is to be as nasty as possible about everybody he can bring within range of his small book—and Mr. Muggeridge will contrive to bring his victims in if he himself has to go outside and by main force drag them in by the scruff of the neck. Margery Sharp in "**Something Light**" (Little, Brown, $3.95) is timeless in her pleasant blandness; save that her lady photographer would be anachronistic, she might have written her little novel any time. Harmless, genial, warmhearted, it is fiction for the literate ladies' magazines.

Muriel Spark, the author of "**The Bachelors**" (Lippincott, $3.95), is a special case. (Here I can only praise her by saying that it is dismaying that she is not better known in this country.) Her work is distinguished by wit and pungency and alarming sharpness of observation, all controlled by, instinct with, a religious (in fact, a Catholic) sensibility. Working with the oddest materials, she manages a kind of grisly comedy of doom; with exquisite tact and deftness she delivers a terrible judgment upon her emblematic London, her blighted contemporary city. The enabling emotion is loathing, and the atmosphere evoked is close, oppressive, suffocating. Miss Spark is an entirely remarkable writer.

If you take a cluster of present-day novels, and regard comedy—that most cerebral of forms—as the exemplary social art, and demand of literature that it be relevant, that it be in some potent sense contemporary, then you are likely to find yourself in the midst of some that are relevant, and some that are not, more often the latter. Which is to say that a good comic novel is a very rare thing, as rare as an authentic sense of relevance when the ground is constantly shifting under your feet and threatens to cave in at any moment without warning, just when you are beginning to think that you know, finally, where you are.

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No Bigger Than Life

***"The Dove Tree," by L. D. Clark** (Doubleday. 360 pp. $4.50), a first novel, explores the difficult relationship of a father and his adolescent son. David Dempsey is a frequent contributor to Saturday Review.*

By David Dempsey

NOT THE least of the virtues of "The Dove Tree" is the author's assumption that people in Texas are no different from people in any other state; and although an intimate novel set in the land of King-size ranches would seem to be a contradiction in terms, L. D. Clark achieves just this feat. It is an achievement in more ways than one: Mr. Clark demonstrates that the boundaries of the human heart are a great deal more significant than state lines. He assumes that people are more important than place. And his compelling honesty in writing about both people and place easily puts him in the company of Wright Morris as an uncompromising interpreter of rural America.

Here is a remarkably controlled novel about the touchy, inarticulate relationship between a widowed father, Haley Blair, and his adolescent son, Duncan, a book that can be commended as much for the temptations the author has avoided as for the impressive talent he has put at the disposal of his subject. There are no pseudo-realistic injections of violence (a homicide and its aftermath are treated with the same quiet emphasis as a revival meeting). The characters are lifelike, even though Texans, and they are motivated by their own needs rather than the author's. The style is mature, and suggests that Mr. Clark knows the difference between a literary veneer and solid wood. If there are faults, too—an overly introspective attitude toward the characters is one—they stem more from a conscientious respect for the novelist's mission than from lack of it. In sum, "The Dove Tree" is a superior first novel that deserves far more readers than it is likely to get.

The story is simple enough—perhaps too simple for modern taste. When his wife dies, Blair, a cotton farmer, is left with a fourteen-year-old son. The two move from the homestead to a smaller house nearby. A legendary "pot of gold," supposedly buried on the Blair property, becomes a focal point of rumor, attracts ne'er-do-well neighbors, and indirectly causes a woman's death when Duncan fires a rifle into the darkness during one of his frequent vigils at the original homestead. These he enacts out of a haunting love for his mother; and, by coincidence, the dead woman was once the father's mistress, obviously come to seek Haley when the shooting occurred. Thus Haley himself shares an unacknowledged guilt for her killing.

Although the plotting is the weakest part of the novel, it is also the least important to the book's qualities. Mr. Clark is showing us the parallel growth into maturity of son and father—Duncan, by freeing himself from his mother's memory; the father, through a renunciation of flesh. All this is accomplished so quietly that the reader must commit himself to the book's purpose almost as diligently as the author has obviously done before him; but once this is attended to, the rewards are apparent. "The Dove Tree" is a tender, thoughtful book written by a man who respects his own talent.

L. D. Clark—"compelling honesty."

Joachim Maass—"Germanic Simenon."

The Lady Was a Killer

***"The Gouffé Case," by Joachim Maass,** translated by Michael Bullock (Harper. 434 pp. $4.95), explores the struggle between good and evil in the aftermath of an 1889 Parisian murder. Margaret Parton's interest in the psychology of crime stems from the Sheppard murder trial in Cleveland, Ohio, which she covered for the New York Herald Tribune several years ago.*

By Margaret Parton

JOACHIM MAASS has been working on this novel, on and off, for thirteen years—and one can see why. From a newspaper clipping describing an actual murder he has created a world, galaxies of characters, and a universal philosophy to embrace them all. The result is a kind of Germanic Simenon with overtones of Dorothy-Sayers-in-her-cosmic-phase, dominated by a *fin-de-siècle* Lilith, who mesmerizes not only the reader but the author.

The world, for the first half of the book, is Paris in 1889 and 1890, a Toulouse-Lautrec Paris infinitely detailed, infinitely believable, and at first infinitely nostalgic. Here lived Inspector Goron, head of the Paris Sûreté, nemesis of criminals, "tubby little fanatic for truth and justice." And here, too, lived Alphonse Gouffé, widower, debt-collector, melancholy man-about-Paris.

The two men never meet, for the first time Goron hears Gouffé's name he learns that the plump, middle-aged man has disappeared from his familiar haunts and everywhere else. And when at last M. Gouffé does finally turn up he is in no condition to meet anyone except the undertaker. He has, in fact, been horribly murdered.

But why should anyone have killed the most inoffensive and quiet of men? Spurred at first by Jaquemar, Gouffé's young brother-in-law, and then at last by his own obsession with the case, Goron begins to follow the tortuous trail that leads eventually to the murderer, Eyraudt. The man confesses and everything is clear except for one thing: was it murderer or murderers?

For Gouffé was not alone with Eyraudt in the sordid room where he met his death. Another person stood idly gazing from a window until the unpleasantness should be over: the utterly amoral and completely irresistible prostitute Gabrielle Bompard. Did she too share in the guilt of the

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murder? Yes, says Eyraudt, for she had driven him mad with passion and jealousy.

Goron and Jaquemar agree, and Bompard goes on trial with her former lover. But, says Mr. Maass, " the perception of unvarnished truth is beyond the power of the multitude"—and the jury represents the Parisian multitude, infatuated with Bompard's little tiger nose, her beaming black eyes, her clown's brows and her devastating air of innocence. She is acquitted, and sails triumphantly for America in the company of a new and richer paramour.

A good crime novel, like a good trial, gradually reveals humanity not only in the main characters but in the many minor roles—police clerks, pathologists, jealous sub-inspectors, and stray witnesses. And up to this point Mr. Maas has written a very good crime novel indeed.

But now begins the curious second half of the book, in which Jaquemar pursues Gabrielle to a meticulously detailed and strangely dreamlike America, intent on obtaining her "confession." Abruptly Jaquemar becomes not just a solemn young man with a twitching face, but humanity's male Persephone whose return from Hades, corrupted yet essentially uncorruptible, we still await. And Gabrielle is no longer a deprived orphan who grew up beautiful but bad, but the essence of evil itself. The shift is not only unsettling; alas, it is boring.

There seems little doubt that Mr. Maass is deadly serious in intent. He is, at great length and with considerable fervor, absorbed in the problem of the duality of love and hate, of good and evil, of reality and dream, and the quest for truth. To him, therefore, his characters are symbols.

But the trouble is that Gabrielle outwits her creator. Refusing to remain a symbol, she springs into such vibrant life that she unbalances the book, overshadows philosophy, and seduces the reader almost as effectively as she does her lovers. And in the end one gropes impatiently through the philosophic morass, hearing only Gabrielle's laughter as she mocks her creator.

Heinrich Schirmbeck—"circumspect."

Scientific Search for a Soul

"If Thine Eye Offend Thee," by Heinrich Schirmbeck, *translated by Norman Denny (Simon & Schuster. 405 pp. $5.95), probes the scientist's dilemma between abstraction and moral responsibility. Princeton Professor Victor Lange wrote "Modern German Literature."*

By Victor Lange

SEVERAL years ago Heinrich Schirmbeck himself suggested that the great figures of the modern scientific movement should offer remarkably rich and telling material for a kind of narrative that might represent our world more fully and articulately than the conventional biographical novel. In the meantime Haakon Chevalier's "The Man Who Would Be God" and the later volumes in C. P. Snow's chronicle have provided exactly that sort of imaginative exploration of the interplay of intellectual, spiritual, and moral impulses in the scientific mind.

"If Thine Eye Offend Thee" has similar aspirations. Its narrator, Thomas Grey, is a young and perceptive scientist who relates, in a memoir written in the Paris Security Prison, the stages of development from his childhood in a decadent French family to the crisis of his career as a scientist and his failure as a human being. He has become entangled in a web of politics and personal relationships, and his search for an individual faith involves him in all the paradoxes that the blend of mysticism and science to which he is dedicated is bound to offer. Abandon to sensuality and disgust, love and cruelty, introspection and violence alternate and in turn illuminate one another. St. Augustine and Pascal are the models of his spiritual search, and a host of ambivalent figures are given the somewhat obvious allegorical function of representing those who either consume themselves in desperate pursuit of a transcendental meaning, or who operate in the absolute terms of a modern scientific functionalism. The title of the book and many of the chapter headings refer, again with metaphorical ambiguity, to the double nature of our view of light: light as the reflected memory of cosmic origins, and light as the source from which the tantalizing and corrupt world of matter springs.

The novel is in many of its aspects a *roman à clef*: Paris is here the city of Sybaris, the German conquerors are the Armagnacs; atomic scientists, poets, dancers, and political figures are easy enough to recognize. It is clear, for instance, that the most problematical and at the same time the most moving example in the book of the scientist's dilemma between abstraction and moral responsibility is fashioned after Louis de Broglie; his "Light and Matter" is one of the many texts that supply the material for philosophical disquisitions, which at times swamp the movement of the narrative.

If it is true that this is a novel of quite extraordinary intellectual scope in which a vast complex of contemporary spiritual issues is carefully laid out and delineated, it must also be said that the author's central assumptions of a world, and a perception, in constant flux are not successfully translated into the terms of modern experimental fiction. Long essayistic summaries of scientific and philosophical attitudes and of their elusive consequences remain unintegrated in what is, after all, a traditional narrative structure.

No doubt, Schirmbeck is an unusually circumspect and serious purveyor of the contemporary debate on the "two cultures." In his manner he is clearly indebted to the discursive and analytical fiction of Mann, Gide, and Musil, and even though he seems to disavow Ernst Jünger by obliquely introducing him in his novel as a sinister figure, he resorts at the same time to the kind of mythological projection and double-talk that is characteristic of Jünger's Utopian parables.

The English version differs in essential respects from the German: certain chapters and passages are eliminated or rearranged, others are rewritten so as to modify important elements of plot and meaning. The translation reads deceptively well, but often seriously misses the author's point.

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FARAWAY PLACES

Missionary Among the Mafia

"Outlaws," by Danilo Dolci, *translated by R. Munroe (Orion. 296 pp. $4.95), discloses the shocking ignorance and poverty that account for so much of Sicily's crime. Irving R. Levine, who has witnessed the conditions about which Dolci writes, is Mediterranean director of NBC News based in Rome. He is the author of "Main Street, U.S.S.R." and "Travel Guide to Russia."*

By Irving R. Levine

DANILO DOLCI is the thirty-seven-year-old Italian who has assumed for himself the mantle of missionary to raise the western part of Sicily from its historic ignorance and poverty. For his pains (and sometimes radical methods) he has suffered the displeasure of rich landowners (whose wealth often derives from exploitation), threats from the *mafia* (the local banditry who are frequently in league with the landowners), and punishment by the law. Opponents, without producing evidence, have called him a Communist.

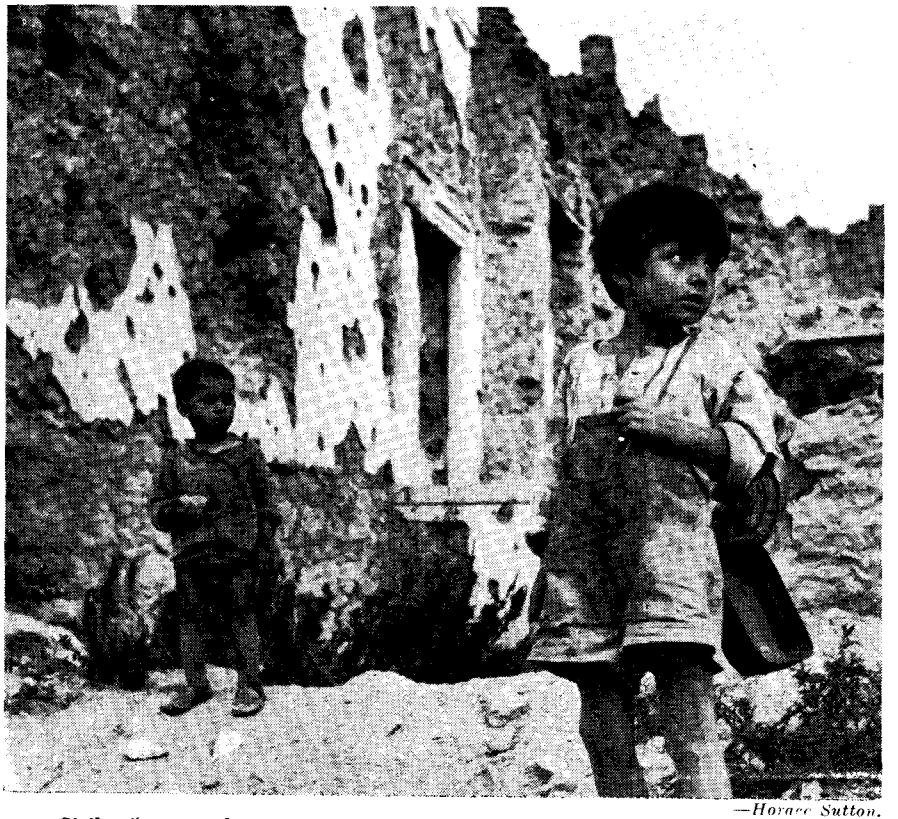
Dolci, the son of a railroad worker, was born in Italy's comparatively prosperous and cultured North. A conscientious objector during World War II and an experimenter in social work, he was graduated as an architect and made a trip to Sicily in 1952 to see the magnificent ruins of ancient Greek temples. But Sicily's present-day poverty stirred him more than the island's romantic past. In August 1953 he married a fisherman's widow with five children and took Sicily as his home and heart's work.

Several months ago I visited the Sicilian mountain town of Partinico, where Dolci lives and where much of the material for "Outlaws" was gathered. The first boy we encountered leaped onto a bicycle when we stopped to ask where we could find Dolci, and he led us through a circuitous route to a two-story wooden building at the end of a dead-end street. On the second floor, which was partitioned with plywood into offices, Dolci sat at a desk conferring with a teacher from one of the trade schools he has created. A six-foot, paunchy man, Dolci was wearing a sports shirt and unpressed slacks, his firmness of spirit belied by his gentle, bespectacled face and his exceedingly soft voice. A spirited Sicilian in one of the partitioned offices gave us an impromptu, voluble lecture about *mafia* crimes, pointing to a map of the island on which pins recorded the sites of atrocities. A second map indicated dams and other projects, the funds for which Dolci has been seeking from inert members of Italy's parliament. An English girl was preparing a newsletter that is mailed to committees in foreign lands that support Dolci's work. In another part of the room worked a Swiss economist, a member of the small international band which has been magnetized around Dolci. The atmosphere of frontier and of pioneering was enhanced by the strong *sirocco*, blowing out of Africa across the Mediterranean, which periodically shook the building with disconcerting force. Dolci and his followers paid no attention to it. Buffeting is nothing new to them.

"Outlaws" describes the dismal conditions under which Sicilians live and which lead an astounding number of them into crime and prison. In the main bandit area—centering on the towns of Partinico, Trappeto, and Montelepre, with a population of 33,000—Dolci examined the cases of 350 outlaws. He found that only one came from a family in which both parents had reached the fourth grade in school. With an average of less than two years of schooling per person these outlaws had acquired a cumulative total of 650 years spent at school, but their cumulative time in prison totaled more than 3,000 years.

Dolci's latest book also tells in some detail of his efforts to improve the lot of the unschooled, impoverished Sicilians. His primary task has been to arouse the people to an awareness that there is a better way of life and that they deserve to share in it. By staging a week-long hunger strike to draw attention to chronic unemployment, Dolci acquired the reputation of being a Sicilian Gandhi.

But his most dramatic act was a "strike in reverse," in which he organized 150 unemployed men to go to work on an abandoned road project. An Italian law provides that a laborer is entitled to be paid for any work carried out. It was Dolci's intention to demonstrate that there was ample work to be done and unemployed hands eager to do it. Police intervened, arresting Dolci and his fellow leaders, and dispersing the others. Dolci was brought to trial, sentenced to fifty days' imprisonment, and fined for the "crime



—Horace Sutton.

Sicily—"present-day poverty stirred him more than the island's romantic past."

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of malicious trespass" and for "refusal to obey a police officer in the lawful discharge of his duty," who had to carry Dolci away bodily. (Dolci's pants split, adding a Keystone Cops note to the incident.) The court's decision did mention as an extenuating circumstance Dolci's "high moral and social aims."

The magnitude of the mission Dolci has undertaken is indicated in excerpts from the book. A Sicilian remarks: "How am I to buy a paper, when I've been out of work for a year and a half? I had my wife ill for five years before she died and left me with four children on my hands. I made application to get medical treatment for her, but I never got any answer."

Describing Partinico, Dolci writes:

> A day laborer's wage for a ten-hour day is now from 500 to 600 lire [eighty to ninety-five cents]; but there is only work for about six months in the year. The employers frequently avoid paying either health or insurance contributions. . . .
>
> Rubbish is deposited, especially in the back streets, in large heaps always covered with flies. In many households, excrement and waste water run out onto the street. . . .
>
> The post office is dirty and inadequate and has only three windows. There are often so many people waiting to be served that the police have to be called to control the crowd. . . .
>
> There are no public baths or washhouses where women do their household washing. A tiny stream is used by the women of one quarter for this purpose. The water comes from the slaughterhouse, where it is used to clean out the carcasses of the animals. . . .

Although not specifically intended as such, Dolci's book is an indictment of Italy's conservative postwar governments, under which growing prosperity (in significant measure generated by American aid) has disproportionately benefited a thin, privileged slice of the population rather than the masses.

Unfortunately, "Outlaws" suffers from a lack of coherent organization. It is composed of various Dolci speeches and writings including a diary, excerpts from the newsletter sent to foreign Dolci committees, a verbatim record of the Dolci "strike in reverse" trial, and transcripts of interviews with Sicilians describing their lot. All of this is important, but much the same material was more interestingly presented in Dolci's earlier book, "Report from Palermo," and in "The Ten Pains of Death," by Gavin Maxwell, an English writer.

Dolci is now in the U.S., talking with interested groups about his work, for which he hopes to raise funds.

Polar Partisanship

***"Antarctica: The Story of a Continent," by Frank Debenham** (Macmillan. 257 pp. $5.50), belittles American accomplishments in the south-polar regions. Finn Ronne, USNR, has been an Antarctic expedition leader and explorer.*

By Finn Ronne

FRANK DEBENHAM, founder-director of the Scott Polar Research Institute in Cambridge, England, has produced an absorbing and easily readable account of the Antarctic saga. His book is particularly entertaining if you prefer your glimpse into south-polar history through British-oriented eyes.

Incidents of unabashed English bias are so numerous throughout the volume that a discerning reader with some knowledge of the subject matter cannot help but wonder if the subtle purpose of the book is not basically political. If this be the case the author has misfired.

His chapter on international claims to Antarctic territory endeavors to explain the complicated political status of that vast area as of 1958, when the manuscript was written. Although the book was not published in the U.S. until 1961, there is no mention of the far-reaching terms of the Antarctic Treaty signed in Washington in 1959, now ratified by ten of the twelve participating nations. This treaty not only aims to erase a potentially explosive situation in the Antarctic, but nullifies several outdated views taken by the author.

A pronounced partisanship on Antarctic politics is perhaps the only plausible explanation why the otherwise highly qualified author felt compelled to belittle, even ridicule the accomplishments of two American expeditions. In the 1940s both expeditions, with U.S. Government sanction, wintered within the area claimed by the British, a claim never recognized by the United States. This is particularly significant because the British Government has benefited as much as if not more than others from the American work in that sector. But the author saves his strongest abuse for Argentina and Chile, who have dared to "transgress" and lay claim to territory previously claimed by Great Britain. While Professor Debenham does not hesitate to set forth his opposition to the historical long-range American political position regarding Antarctica, very little mention is made of recent Russian activities there.

The oft-retold chronological history of the Antarctic is spiced up by the detail devoted to British expeditions. Unfortunately, this leaves the impression that the accomplishments of all other nationalities, while sincere and noteworthy attempts, were distinctly secondary to the British as to purpose and result. Certainly the British have a right to be proud of their polar explorers, but not at the expense of others, specifically American, when exhaustive literature from the time of Wilkes (1843) is available without language barrier.

In the preface the author states that his book is a story of a continent and "not a history for it is a continent without people, and history rests upon the faults and foibles of human communities." However, the faults and foibles of expedition leaders and their followers as interpreted by Mr. Debenham are abundantly dealt with throughout the volume. Therefore, it is on its historical accuracy that the book must be judged, and the fault here lies not so much in what he says as the way he says it, or what he has pointedly left unsaid. In many instances the author finds reason to justify, gloss over, or conceal British deficiencies, failures, or frailties, while often the reader gains quite the opposite impression in his handling of other nationalities, particularly Americans.

NOT THAT American endeavors in the Antarctic couldn't benefit from some analytical soul-searching of our own. But from a pen sharpened by poorly timed barbs it is a bit hard to take without crying, "Foul!"

When Professor Debenham is not dealing with his highly controversial historical interpretations, he excellently describes the physical and economic properties of the Antarctic regions. Frequent inclusion of appropriate poetic verse adds considerable charm, and the illustrations are good, although the frontispiece map is inadequate for the lay reader's maximum comprehension of the subject matter. The chapter on the mind and motive of the men who go to the Antarctic is well thought out and provides enlightening information about the psychological changes that have taken place in the explorer's approach over the last fifty years.

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The Kings Without Anna

"Lords of Life: The Paternal Monarchy of Bangkok, 1782-1932," by His Royal Highness Prince Chula Chakrabongse of Thailand *(Taplinger. 352. pp. $8.50), and* ***"Land of the Lotus Eaters: A Book Mostly About Siam," by Norman Bartlett*** *(Roy. 313 pp. $5.50), complement each other in their portraits of a prepossessing people. Paul Bixler recently ended a two-year assignment in Burma for the American Library Association.*

By Paul Bixler

DURING the centuries of European colonial expansion in Asia, Thailand (known until 1949 as Siam) was alone among Asian nations to maintain her independence. Why? One answer, noted in both volumes reviewed here, is that the country had a tradition of freedom, that the word "Thai," referring to the people, means "free"; another is that the Thais are natural diplomats and adept at playing off one nation against another. At one period, around the end of the nineteenth century, the Thai government regularly had as financial adviser an Englishman, as foreign adviser an American, and as legal adviser a Frenchman.

For a brief time, also, Siam had the good fortune to fit neatly into the role of buffer state between English and French colonialisms. Yet, as Prince Chula Chakrabongse makes clear in his collective royal biography, the nation was even more fortunate in having as a natural resource the seven kings of the Chakri dynasty, who ruled the country as absolute monarchs from 1782 to 1932. (In the latter year a revolution threw the country's management into the hands of military leaders, and the monarchy became restricted.)

For all the hundreds of years of her history Thailand has been a limited society—today not so different from yesterday. The limits have been set by the simplicities of Buddhism, the physical ease of tropical living, and a stable, predominantly agricultural way of life. The limits were pushed outward only as the Chakri kings, assessing Western influences, moved to bring their people to some accommodation with modernization. Special responsibility for social development devolved upon the fourth and fifth kings of the dynasty, Mongkut and Chulalongkorn, whose combined reigns covered the years 1851-1910.

Mongkut is pictured in the musical "The King and I" as a mercurial semi-barbarian. As any Thai knows, the characterization is false. Prince Chula Chakrabongse calls him "The Enlightened." Norman Bartlett suggests that the cause of the uneasy relationship between the king and Anna Leonowens, whose story was the basis of the musical, lay mostly in the lady's limitations.

Between them Mongkut and Chulalongkorn reorganized the Buddhist clergy, set up a more rigorous revision of Thai history, founded a civil service, abolished indentured labor, and altered land tenure so that tenant farmers became independent landowners. But nothing else seems quite so significant as their interest in foreign ideas.

Polygamy has been a way of life among the Thais for centuries, and the Chakri royal house used the institution to create national unity and run the government. Among the royal progeny there appear to have been few wastrels. The young men were expected to take their responsibilities seriously. They formed a pool of over a thousand potential leaders, more than adequate in their time to administer the nation's public business.

The intricacies of Thai polygamy tend to baffle the Westerner. Bartlett says that King Chulalongkorn had thirty-six wives; Prince Chula says ninety-two wives. One may trust the Prince's research and still be in trouble. A grandson of Chulalongkorn, the Prince has written a book historians will read and quote. But, in spite of an uncomplicated style, the average reader is likely to sink midway in its pages under a welter of royal relationships.

Although Bartlett gives some attention to the royal background, his main purpose is to show you life as it is lived in Thailand today. He leads you by the hand through the highways and byways of Bangkok. He takes you far upcountry to Chiengmai, the "Northern Heaven," and later to the semi-dry northeast plateau. Two of his better chapters picture Angkor Wat and Angkor Tom, wonders of the world once belonging to Siam but now just over the Cambodian border. A former press attaché in the Australian embassy in Bangkok, Bartlett is a good reporter, his skill failing him only in the occasional editorializing, as in the concluding few pages.

—*H.S.*

Royal Compound at Bangkok—"among the royal progeny . . . few wastrels."

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Your Permanent Home

A RECENT newspaper announcement outlined the features of the new "Lancer Blast and Fallout Shelter," with prices beginning at $1,495, including installation. The Lancer can be purchased on easy installment payments, with financing insured by the Federal Housing Administration. However, unlike other installment plan merchandise, such as autos, washers, dryers, etc., the Lancer will be paid for while the merchandise is not in use. Payments cease when use commences, somewhat along the lines of cemetery lot financing. The new bomb shelter has been recommended by the Office of Civil Defense and Mobilization in Washington, D.C.

According to the announcement, the Lancer will accommodate a family of six "in comfortable although close" quarters—"comparable in size to a small pleasure boat." It comes equipped with air intake, exhaust vents, and chemical toilet. Bunks and radiation-detection equipment are "optional extras."

A sturdy fiberglass tube, thirty inches in diameter, will enable the owner to crawl or slide comfortably from his basement into the Lancer at the sound of the alert (if he is at home when it goes off). In the event he does not have a basement, an eight-foot vertical shaft will be installed, down which he can fall, jump, or slide into the shelter. Its "impact-resistant" dome shape is a novel feature, while, the news account further states, "a layer of earth atop the dome will provide added buffering." The entire unit is wrapped in a cocoon of polyethylene sheets that will serve as a vapor barrier, thus insuring protection from rain and snow. There is an emergency escape hatch, in case the tunnel to the basement is destroyed or blocked.

An obvious advantage is the fact that, should one's aboveground dwelling be demolished in a nuclear blast, the Lancer might remain intact. In effect, the nine-foot-diameter Lancer would become a permanent home. Space for the refrigerator, washer, dryer, freezer, and TV would no longer be required due to the lack of electricity. Thus, the Lancer should be adequate to meet the modest needs of the average family: bunks, a chair and table, can opener, and canned goods. Nothing has been specified about water supply in the Lancer. (This may be one of "the bugs to be ironed out later"; after all, it took years for Detroit to develop windshield wipers that dispensed water.)

THE Lancer people are to be commended on the development of this ingenious, low-cost underground home. What we fear for them, and for their stockholders, however, is the very real probability of unplanned obsolescence. For it is entirely possible that long before the Lancers constructed in 1961 are paid for, they will have been superseded by more advanced models designed by Company B to take into account the more advanced nuclear weapons. Hence the Lancer people may find themselves engaged in a race not only with the bomb makers, but with competitive shelter manufacturers. This may necessitate a heavy plowback of profits into research and development.

The 1961 model is already pitted against the ten-megaton bomb, one of which contains more destructive power than all the bombs exploded during World War II. A single ten-megaton bomb, if detonated over a city, would produce a firestorm covering 5,000 square miles. Most of the Lancers in the immediate vicinity would be sealed in under a mountain of radioactive rubble.

Meanwhile, a canopy of radioactivity would contaminate hundreds of square miles—not for hours, not for weeks, but possibly for months. Hence the need to consider the Lancer "your permanent home" in event of war; for it might be unwise to emerge to ground level. There you would find knee-deep ash, mile upon mile of smoking piles of radioactive rubble, twisted wire and steel, and dead bodies. There would be little point to such a foray.

In the event of nuclear war, the Lancer's present ventilation system, drawing in air from the outside, could quickly convert "your permanent home" into a hot-air furnace, with air heated to temperatures as high as 1,000 degrees. Hence the need for a crash program by Lancer to develop a built-in oxygen supply for the next model. The 1961 model, which does not come equipped with this feature, might conceivably have a small trade-in value on the new model when it comes out.

THE race of the shelter industry to keep up with the bomb industry will help solve the problem of sagging employment in the construction trades, since no end to it appears to be in sight in the foreseeable future.

Planned now is a larger bomb—about 1,000 megatons. Just one of these, if exploded 300 miles above the ground, would set fire to an area about the size of the six westernmost states. Theoretically, it should be possible to build underground caverns 1,000 feet below the surface, operating on manufactured oxygen. Perhaps the research and development division of Lancer has such a new, improved model now in the mock-up stage. If so, we hope they can, through mass production and distribution, effect important savings and pass them along to their customers. We think $1,495 "and up" is already rather high for merchandise with a rapid obsolescence rate. We wouldn't want to see it go any higher.

—MARY KERSEY HARVEY.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HEART OF THE MATTER

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA'S magnificent article on our Latin American relations [*SR*, Mar. 25] went directly to the heart of the problem when he mentioned what amounts to neither more nor less than prejudice and snobism toward Hispanic culture existing among intellectuals in the United States. It is from the effects of the hostile reaction to this attitude that our relations suffer today. . . . Madariaga's understanding bicultural mind, together with his bilingual pen, have made through *SR* a most constructive contribution to the inter-American scene.

ROBERT BLAKE.
San Francisco, Calif.

CAUSE OR EFFECT?

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "Idealism Revisited" [*SR*, Mar. 18] makes one serious error in commenting upon the resurgence of idealistic action among American youth. This is by no means the *result* of President Kennedy's call for a Peace Corps; rather, the President's call received such an overwhelming response because it came just when the reawakened were looking for wider and greater horizons.

As a high school teacher whose former students keep me informed about a number of campuses, I have been aware of the death of apathy during at least the past two years. It was the sit-in, stand-in, pray-in, etc., movements that galvanized young Americans into a new belief in the efficacy of convictions. More daring adventures, such as the Polaris demonstrations and various peace marches, then began to draw from the avant-garde on many campuses. Into this milieu, the Peace Corps call came to meet the success that always occurs when something happens to hit at the right moment.

Let us by all means rejoice in a new wave of commitment among youth. But let us, also, not fall into the trap of confusing result with cause. It was because some young people had already responded to the need for dangerous action that many became ready for difficult action. . . .

DOROTHY SAMUEL.
Winterset, Ia.

VARIETIES OF PREJUDICE

ELMO ROPER'S article "How to Lose Your Vote" [*SR*, Mar. 18] is an accurate and timely criticism of a glaring inadequacy in the present functioning of the democratic process. The remedial measures he suggests are constructive and, if adopted, would probably eliminate most of the evils of which he writes.

Taken as a whole, however, the article seems to me to be incomplete, if not misleading. Mr. Roper too quickly dismisses the plight of the disfranchised Negro, and fails to recognize the particular significance of this plight. He claims that "Most people are indignant about the denial of voting rights to Negroes." This denial is "an obvious contradiction of the nation's moral principles." Yet he says the Negroes have their champions, as much larger groups of Americans, disfranchised by "accidental prejudice," do not. An important inference, one reinforced by a reading of the article *in toto*, is that the denial of voting rights to these latter groups should command as much concern as does the voting situation of the Negro. This, in fact, may be true. I think not. But to prove that it is, Mr. Roper must meet the following points:

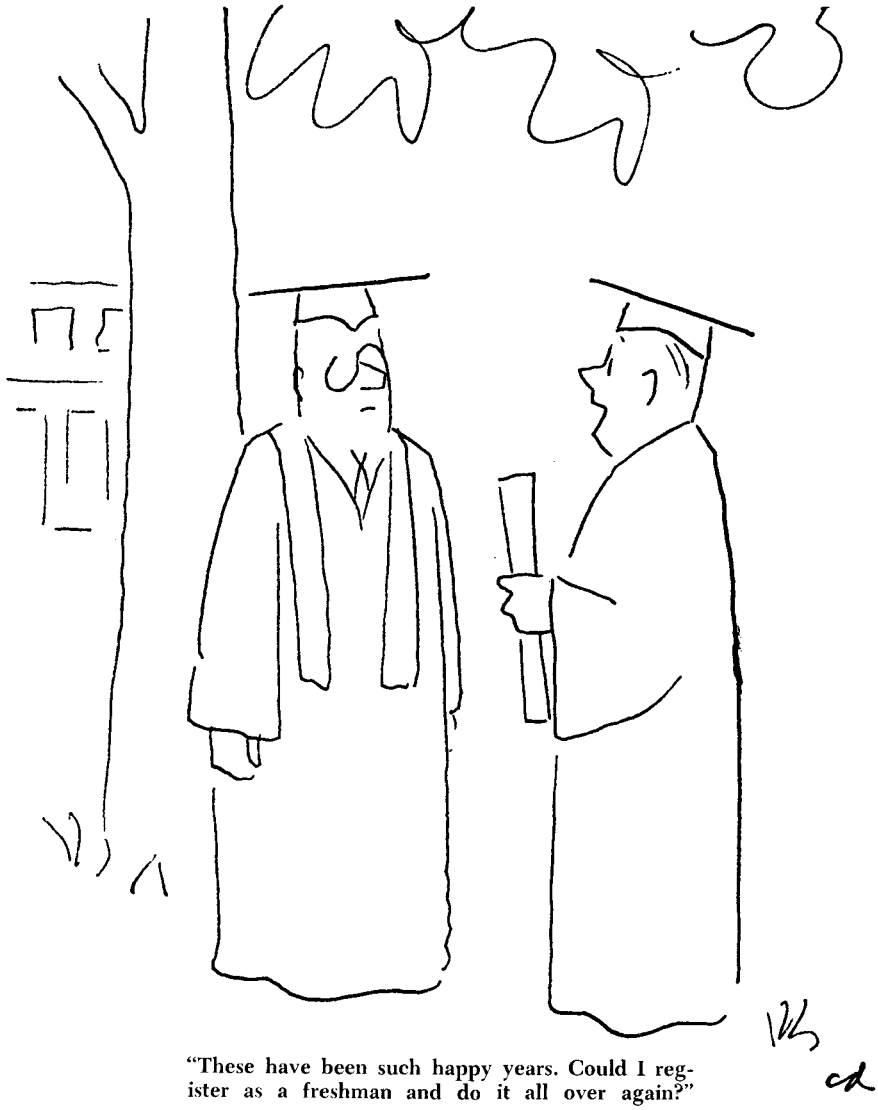
1) "Accidental prejudice" is just that —accidental. Its victims (as far as indicated by the article) are not, by definition, of one historically oppressed group. The American Negroes are.

2) To give the Negro complete voting privileges would have an immediate and radical effect on the entire political, social, and economic structure of present-day America. As a result, there are in motion powerful forces deliberately opposing the enfranchisement of the Negro. Can the same be said of the victims of "accidental prejudice"?

3) In the eyes of the colored peoples of the world, the treatment of the American Negro and the degree to which he is allowed to function in our government represent a crucial test of our nation's deepest intentions, and of the democratic process itself.

As Americans we cannot complacently accept the myth that "Most people are indignant about the denial of voting rights to Negroes." We cannot believe that the refusal to grant the Negro his right to full equality is "an obvious contradiction of the nation's moral principles." This contradiction is far from obvious to tens of millions of Americans. It is far from obvious to hundreds of millions of human beings.

E. J. THALINGER.
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.



"These have been such happy years. Could I register as a freshman and do it all over again?"

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The quiet, roomy wagons that

Dodge Dart wagon—built to make Mother's job easier—the full-size wagons priced model for model with Ford and Chevrolet.

The 1961 Chrysler Corporation wagons do their jobs quietly with a minimum of effort on your part—thanks to Unibody Construction, Torsion-Aire Ride, and Constant Control Power Steering

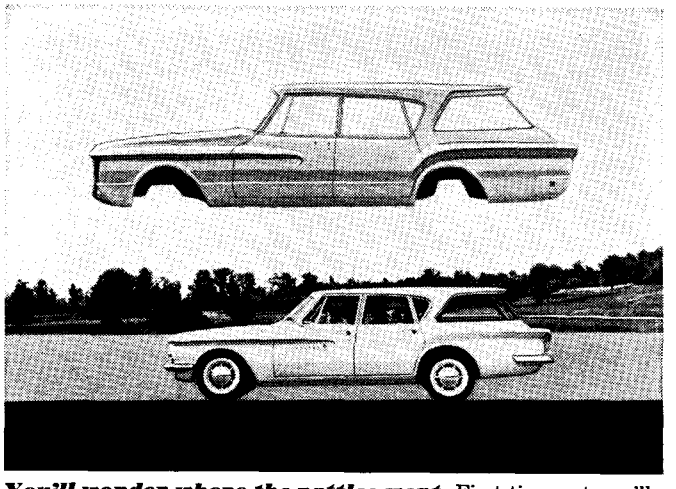
These are the wagons that make driving a pleasure, not a project.

There's room to spare for kids and cargo, along with a quiet ride that's new to wagons—thanks to Unibody Construction. Body and frame are a solid welded unit. Gone are the usual joints and bolts that could loosen and get noisy.

And these wagons park and handle with ease, too. Constant Control Power Steering (an option) works full time so you scarcely work at all. And Chrysler Corporation's exclusive, no extra cost, Torsion-Aire Ride smooths the roughest roads.

But this is only the beginning. There are many other fine features offered. See your dealer. *Let a drive bring out the difference great engineering makes.*

25 models to choose from—9 Plymouth wagons • 2 Valiant wagons 2 Dodge wagons • 6 Dart wagons • 2 Lancer wagons • 4 Chrysler wagons



You'll wonder where the rattles went. First time out you'll notice the quietness of your 1961 wagon from Chrysler Corporation. It's built the Unibody way—a solid welded unit that stays shipshape and tight, year in, year out.

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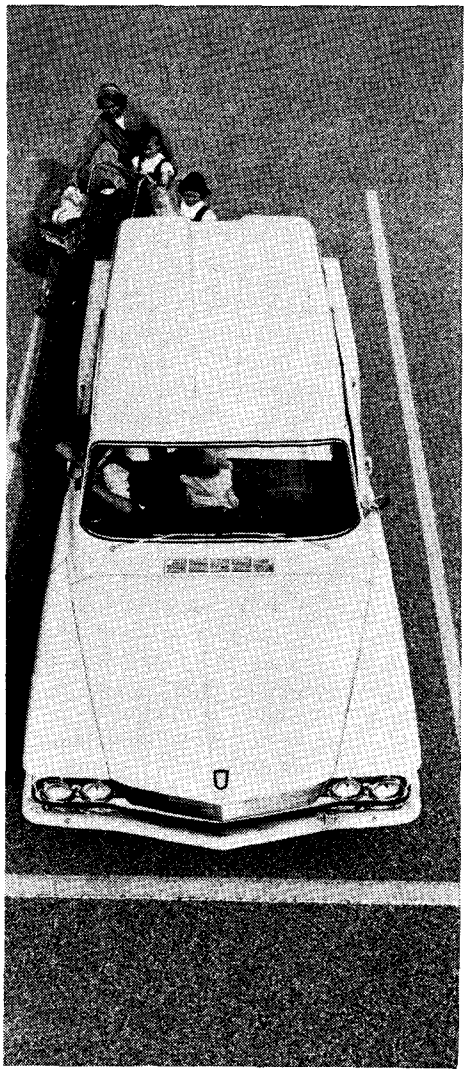
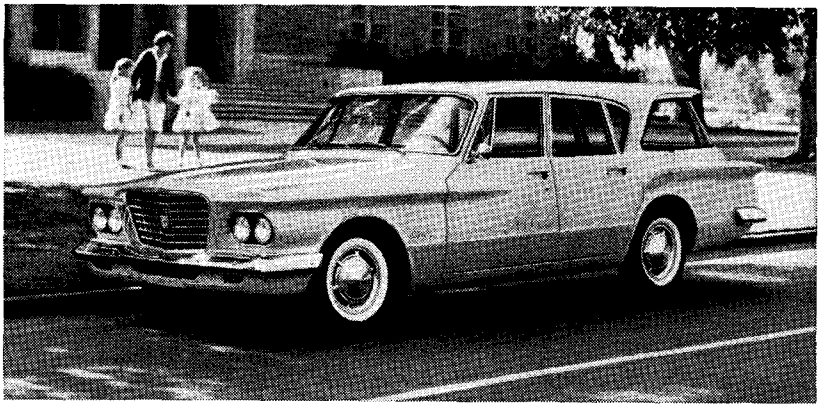
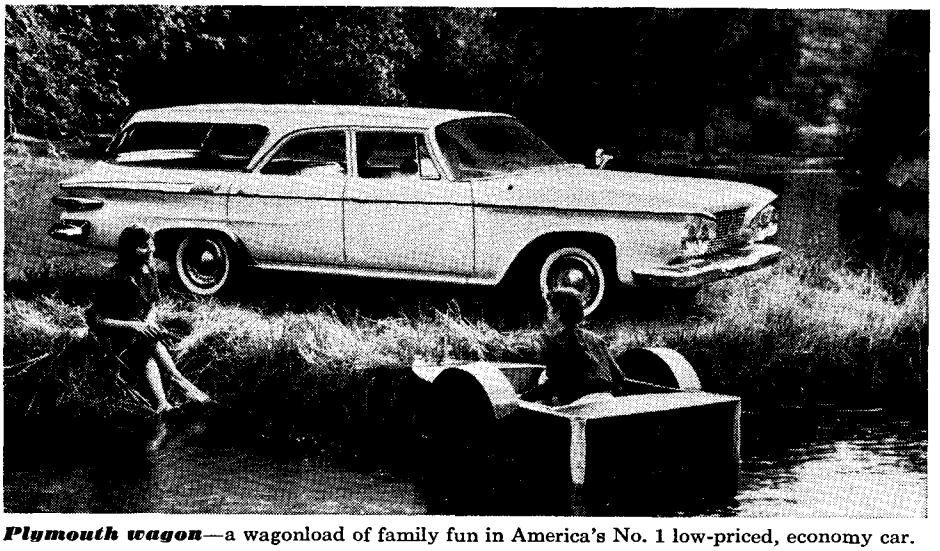


ncer wagon—Dodge's new compact—easy oad, easy to park, and mighty easy on gas.



Valiant wagon—looks and drives like twice the price.



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A RACE WORTH WINNING

SPEED WITH SAFETY

SR's Annual Spotlight on the International Auto Industry

By KEN W. PURDY

THE Fifth Annual International Auto Show had not yet opened as this was written, but an advance announcement from England had already made it certain that the knowledgeable would proceed straight from the ticket-takers at New York's Coliseum to the Jaguar stand: Sir William Lyons had been pleased to say he was prepared to offer his clientele an automobile that will do *150 miles per hour* just as it comes from the dealer's make-ready shop, and that for about $5,500. This is the Jaguar XK-E and it will be sold as two-seater coupe and convertible.

In 1948 Mr. Lyons, as he then was, startled the world automobile industry by putting on the market the XK-120, a 120-mph two-seater, for $4,900. This was then one of the fastest cars in existence, and the Jaguar organization aggressively and imaginatively merchandised it all over the world. Using machines based on this car, Jaguar won the twenty-four-hour race at Le Mans five times, equaling the record established by the Bentley in the 1920s and 1930s. The firm produced even faster two-seaters and road-racing cars, a conventional sedan and a startlingly fast compact sedan, the 3.8 Jaguar.

The XK-E's claimed maximum speed is not a publicity figure. Stock models of the car have already done it in the hands of objective drivers on ordinary roads and I can say that the car has on at least one occasion done 160. Properly geared and running on a long straight, it could reach 180. It is not the only contemporary passenger automobile that will reach 150, but it is the only one in its price range that will reach it in factory form. There are American sedans on the stock-car circuit capable of 150 miles an hour, but only after expert rebuilds that may equal the original cost of the machine. The big Ferraris will do it, but at triple the cost. Furthermore, early reports indicate superb, which is to say very safe, handling characteristics in the XK-E. That its designers expect the car often to perform at high speeds seems indicated by the braking arrangements: discs on all four wheels, the rear ones inboard, actuated by two separate hydraulic systems, and a fluid-loss indicator on the dashboard.

There is more than technical interest in the emergence of this motorcar at this time. The automobile was invented in Europe, and throughout its history a cyclical pattern has been manifest: nearly every fundamental change has appeared first in Europe, and has come to this country, after an interval of a decade or so, to be standardized. The American industry is at the moment still adjusting itself to the European small-car concept, after a decade of doubt and contempt studded with pronouncements by Detroit motormasters to the effect that the small automobile appealed only to eccentrics and that Americans who wanted a second car would naturally buy a used big one. The first really small U.S. car, the comparatively tiny and low-powered Ford Cardinal, has not yet appeared. It has been designed to compete with the best-selling Volkswagens and Renaults. It is scheduled for release in 1962, but meanwhile VW has announced that it will make a *bigger* model (to be available only in Europe for the time being), and Renault will show at the Coliseum, and offer immediately, a fast version of the Dauphine, its engine modified by Amedee Gordini to produce 25 per cent more power for considerably less money than the straight Dauphine used to cost. Another old-line French house, Peugeot, has reacted to the compacts by producing a wholly new model, the 404, not as successor but as companion to the notably popular 403. The Italians attacked in yet a different fashion, with the Lancia Flavia, a compact de luxe carrying many an engineers' tour de force in its engine and running gear.

The appearance of the Jaguar XK-E must be evaluated in the light of past history and present trends, and I think I see some intriguing portents in it. It seems to me that the appearance of this tremendously fast and spectacularly good-looking automobile, the greatest value-for-money item on the world market, will surely have a leavening effect on the U.S. trend to compacts. I think we may expect to see, in a few months, some quite fast compact cars. I think that the Chevrolet Corvette will not much longer be the only really fast two-seater made in Detroit. I think that the Detroit ban on manufacturers' overt participation in racing, self-imposed by the industry a few years ago in fear that some provincial legislatures would impose horsepower limitations, will be lifted. And in the long run, I think the appearance of this car may have a profound and beneficial effect on U.S. licensing methods.

THE fast automobile has always been available to Americans. Before World War I, for example, one could buy a Mercer Raceabout and take it directly from the showroom floor to Indianapolis to run in the 500-mile race. Between the wars, the Duesenberg would do anywhere from 120 to 130 miles an hour—but it cost from $14,750 to $17,750, and at speeds above seventy-five miles an hour the driver began to notice that maintenance of control required skill of a high order. And it gave noisy notice of its speed. Today's fast domestic cars, the big Fords, Dodge Darts, Pontiac Bonnevilles, Chrysler 300Gs, all of them quiet closed models with big V-8 engines, have at least 120 miles an hour available in deceptive silence. And the Jaguar XK-E, with its quiet six-cylinder engine refined by more than a dozen years of modification, will run from any of them. Most who buy XK-Es will be drivers of superior skill and judgment (although the factory will not make it a condition of

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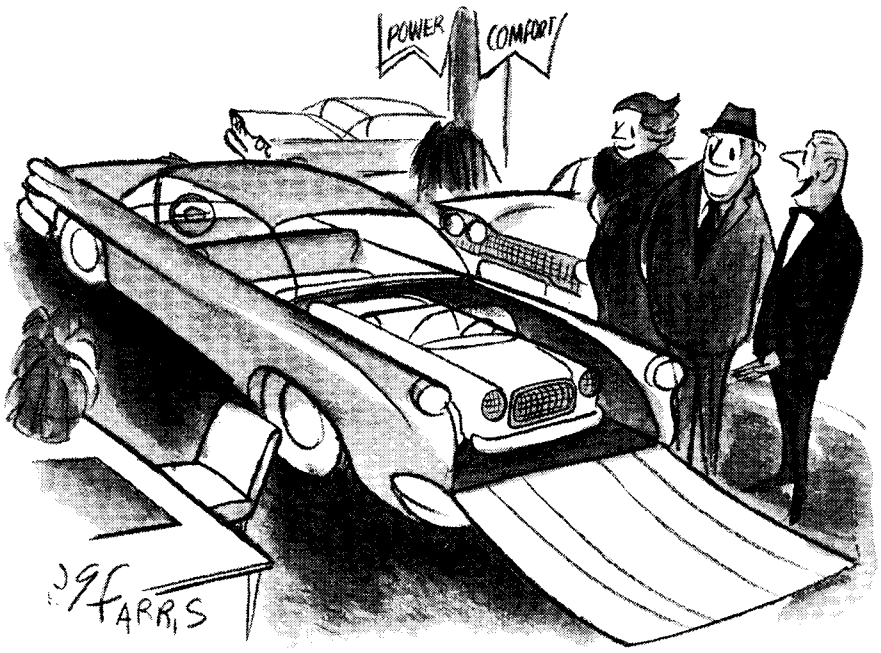
sale, as Bentley did with the Continental a few years ago, that the dealer have proof of the buyer's competence at high speed). Still, with the 100-mile-an-hour accident no longer a rarity, we now have to consider the possibility of even more spectacular incidents. History clearly demonstrates that automobiles in evolution become faster, not slower, and it is equally plain that the appearance of a 150-mile-an-hour automobile in Europe means the appearance of 150 or, more likely, 165-mile-an-hour automobiles in the United States in due course. Just as the increased passenger load of the jet airliners will ultimately force acceptance of the rear-facing seat that has so long been standard in military service, so the really fast automobile may bring about a sensible licensing procedure, one that recognizes the essential fact that any idiot can drive an automobile fast in a straight line, but when it begins to go out of control, and proceed sideways, as in a skid, an expert's reaction is required.

John Fitch, among others, has suggested classified driving licenses, a strikingly sensible notion. Possession of a private pilot's license does not qualify one to fly multi-engine equipment, or to carry passengers for hire; a river-boat rating will not enable a pilot to dock the *Constitution*. But one driver's license entitles me to drive anything from a one-cylinder cabin-scooter to a 400-horsepower *gran turismo* car. This is an absurdity. There should be at least three grades of license—Limited, Standard, and Expert—and use of each should be restricted. The Limited license-holder, who would be typically a new driver, might be forbidden to drive alone or over forty-five miles an hour. The Standard license-holder might be entitled to drive all but the fastest cars and be restricted to sixty miles an hour. The expert might be allowed to drive anything and be restricted to seventy-five or eighty. A simple transferable colored plastic disk mounted on the car would identify license category, and the penalty for excessive speed should be, as it is in Connecticut now, summary lifting of the license. Most important, a Standard license would require, say, five hours of instruction in steering (not one driver in 100 holds the wheel correctly), braking, iced-road techniques, and elementary skid recovery. The Expert category would require this, of course, plus ten hours of high-speed driving instruction, from 90 to 150 miles an hour, with emphasis on orientation at high speed, drifting, and the all-important ability to reposition a car that is threatening to go out of control. The California Highway Patrol puts its drivers through just such a course and has ample evidence that learned skills have enabled them to divert their cars, at very high speeds, out of harm's way. California police probably have to do more high-speed pursuit than officers of any other state.



"Instead of a spare tire."

This kind of training is not, as lay opinion often holds, useful *only* at high speeds. Thousands of people are killed yearly in accidents in the 40-to-45-mile-an-hour range, and on slippery roads a 20-to-25-mph accident can be fatal and frequently is. But techniques that will enable a driver to dominate most dangerous situations, at whatever speed, can be confidently and effectively employed only when they have been learned at high speeds. And it is not speed *per se* that is dangerous; it is speed too high for conditions—conditions of road surface, the vehicle involved, and, most important, driver skill.

I WOULD suggest to the Jaguar organization in New York, which happens to have available an extraordinary elite of competition drivers, built around a former race-car manufacturer and the foremost executive racing mechanic in America, that a demonstrable public service could be performed by offering to any XK-E purchaser who felt he could use it, a six-hour driving course at some such road circuit as Lime Rock or Thompson in Connecticut. On completing the course, the driver could be given, according to his rating, a speed limit that he should impose on himself under all conditions including extreme emergency. The concomitant sense of security would add to, rather than detract from, his pleasure in the car, and in any case he could still enjoy much more fully the three things the connoisseur usually values over sheer top speed: acceleration, road-holding, and braking power. He might even be given, as Rolls-Royce used to do when a candidate had completed its ten-day driving course, a suitably restrained silver pin attesting his eminence.

ASIDE from its practical and perhaps even humanitarian value, such a course might, when considered in combination with the police schools and the competition-driving schools run by sports car clubs, incite the authorities to overhaul the present licensing procedure, which is really adequate only for a nation of Model T Ford drivers. Our 40,000-a-year fatality rate will not be massively reduced by strict law enforcement, educational programs, or even safer cars, necessary and valuable as all three are. It is driver skill that is the root of the matter. The schooled driver has more than mere ability. The schooled driver will almost never drink before driving, speed without justification, show off, use the car as a weapon or a threat, drive while overtired, or commit any of the other sins that kill us by the thousands. He has left the ranks of the wild-eyed, inept amateurs and adopted the standards of the professionals.

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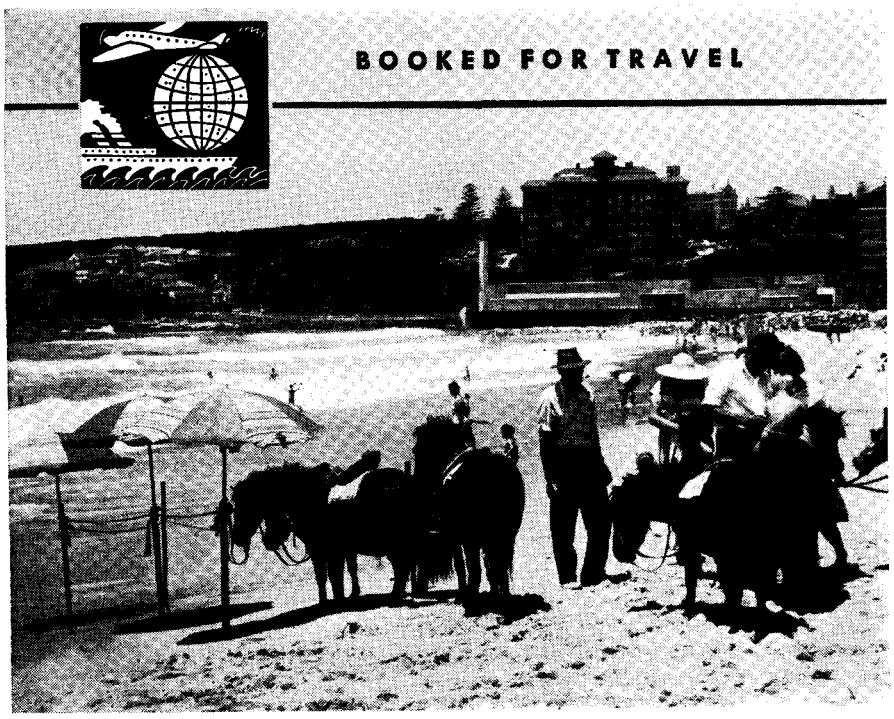

The Biggest Island—3. The City

EVEN though Sydney is the oldest city in Australia, its founding only dates back to 1788, and anyone in search of historic relics will find slim pickings indeed. Sydney citizens who try to conduct visitors on tours of the city come up with precious little aside from the Garrison Church, where the Red Coats of the Fiftieth, the Queen's Own, Regiment attended morning prayers for forty years in the mid-Eighties, and the house in which Captain Bligh lived while enduring a short term as governor. That luckless type, who had already come a cropper off Tahiti, found himself imprisoned by the officers of the New South Wales Corps when he sought to curb their rum privileges, an incident handed down to history as the Rum Rebellion.

Like Tasmania, the Australian state just south of the main continent, Sydney was settled by convicts. Captain Arthur Phillip put in one summer's day in January, 1788, and named the place for Viscount Sydney, the Home Secretary who had laid plans for dispatching a fleet of eleven ships carrying 700 convicts to found the colony. Although they doubtless scarcely thought it at the time, the convicts enjoyed certain advantages in their removal from England, not exactly noted for its smiling weather, to Sydney, where the sun has since been proved to shine an average of 342 days a year. Or, to put it another way, as the chamber of commerce people are delirious to do, the hourly sunshine count in the county which embraces Sydney comes to 2,478 a year compared to London, admittedly no contest, where it pierces the shroud a mere 1,466 hours a year.

Once within the entrance, between North Head and South Head, Sydney Harbor spreads out like running lava in a score of directions, forming coves and inlets, bays and bights and ports. One can run them now in a little red ferry while a sonorous guide beams a Gabriel Heatter commentary. But the fascination lies not in Sydney's skimpy history, but in its houses that hang on greening rock ledges, in the catwalks tacked on vertical rock walls, in the garages that have been laid out on house tops, in the boathouses that fringe the bay and the eucalyptus and the castles that silhouette the ridge line. A forest of yacht masts sways back and forth in the harbor in view of the San Francisco houses tucked away in the rising crags. The *Delfino*, registered in Suva, waits for a load of 25,000 sheep which it carries periodically to the California market. Looking over the harbor is the tripod mast of the cruiser *Sydney*, which sank the German cruiser *Emden* off the Coco Islands, but there is no memorial nearer than Canberra, the nation's capital, to mark the May day in 1942 when three Japanese midget subs, each manned by a crew of two, slipped past the submarine net in the wake of the Manly ferry and sank a supply ship, while the mother sub busied itself lofting a few shells at Bondi Beach.

The net is long gone at the harbor mouth, where a rakish new opera house is rising, doubtless the most daring edifice ever built in Australia. It will shatter the Aussie eye, so used to looking at buildings the likes of an old brown monstrosity of turrets and towers that houses the Governor of New South Wales, the Queen's representative.

Yachting among the coves of the enclosed harbor is pleasant on weekends, but the dashing sportsmen of Sydney and those who brave the thundering surf that comes cracking in on the city's thirty-odd beaches. Playing tag with sharks and undertow, Sydney's stalwarts taunt the sea the way matadors toy with bulls. So many swimmers find themselves in need of help that there are now thirty-five lifesaving clubs working the city's beaches. Without pay their members patrol, rescue, and resuscitate. Each beach club usually holds a surf carnival at least once during the season, at which the lifesavers compete in swimming races, and aboard surfboats, surf-skis, and surfboards all launched into the cracking combers. When boats are swamped or when swimmers or surfers are in trouble the beltman goes into action, swimming out to the scene of trouble towing a cotton line that feeds off a reel. When the rescuer has a grip on the troubled surfer, both are reeled in to shore by hand.

LIFESAVING associations were first formed in Sydney in 1907, five years after the antique swimming laws were deliberately breached by W. H. Gocher, editor of the newspaper at Manly Beach. Although the law stated that no one could bathe in the open sea "near or within view of any public wharf, quay, bridge, street, or other place of public resort between 6 A.M. and 8 P.M.," Gocher advertised in his paper that he would take the plunge at high noon. He did and was never prosecuted, thus opening the Sydney beaches to public pleasure. Today, along almost any quay or street at Manly, the full-blown girls of Australia parade, well eyed but unmolested, in the briefest of bikinis. Occasionally they even go near the water. Seaside visitors ride ponies, or saunter along the pine-shaded boardwalk, or go up to Palm Beach, which is fashionable, or have lunch at Jonah's, a spotless glass house perched on a cliff high above rust-colored Whale Beach.

Besides all these outdoor pleasures, there is the new urban sophistication of Sydney itself, a movement spurred by the New Australians, or, as Australians sometimes call them, the "migrants" from central and southern Europe, who wouldn't be caught dead eating a steak stuffed with oysters,

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Sydney's favorite dish. Nor do they readily accept Australia's heavy, heady beer, which is swilled in carefully allocated hours lest the cobbers stay permanently swacked. Australian wines are developing, and a wine company called Rhinescastle operates The Bistro, an air-conditioned *cave* that serves up squid, cold chicken, and chocolate-covered almond pie in an all-day lunch that runs from twelve to six. A sort of self-conscious effort at super-elegance has produced a place called The Chelsea, in King's Cross, a combination Soho and Greenwich Village, which serves its martinis in silver goblets, pours coffee from silver service into Staffordshire cups.

Social Sydney has always patronized the Caprice, which sits on stilts over the water, titillating its customers with gentle dance music, candlelight, night views of Sydney, and strawberries decorated with sprigs of frangipani. The luncheon crowd congregates at Romano's and Prince's, especially on Wednesdays when the photographers come to shoot pictures for Thursday's society sections, eating flaming supreme of goo and sighing under their frilly hats when the waiters roll up the trays of creamy desserts.

SYDNEY has a new Hilton Hotel which is a large casern with a throbbing bar, a coffee shop, and a formal restaurant tended by a maître d'hôtel equipped with a monocle, a beard, and an outrageous *hauteur* that would scarcely be in style at Claridge's. The Hilton is light-years ahead of any other hotel in town, except for the brand-new Carlton Rex, a trig and modern house spang in the center of the city. Just around the corner the smart fur stores like Bernhard Hammerman sell coats and jackets of white kangaroo in designs copied from Dior, certain to become a style in the States. Cornelius Furs, a few doors away, is exporting them to New York (full-length kangaroo coats in Australia: $100), but it also has a selection of snow leopard jackets ($590), Australian opossum ($550), and long ocelot jackets ($250). The undisguised souvenir shops sell boomerangs, hand-plaited kangaroo belts, and spears and catapulting devices from New Guinea. "They're generally on the brawl all the time up there, more or less." a souvenir shop owner explained.

But there is culture from other corners on hand in Sydney, and when I was there in the middle of their summer—things were in the depth of winter back home—the theatres were bustling with "The Music Man," "The Crucible," the inevitable "My Fair Lady," and the indestructable "Charley's Aunt," not to mention two plays

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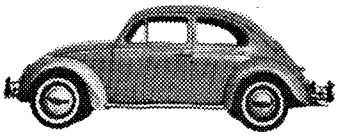
by Ionesco and a local revue. Cricket, a sort of continental madness, had provoked the town to high blood pressure, and there were sheepmen in, along with the tourists, to whiff the urban air after long months in the outback. I had a long chat with one visitor from the bush one night as we stood swilling beer at the club of a mutual friend. In between visits to the bank of slot machines and back to the bar for refills of beer, he told me through clenched teeth that gripped his pipe that he was Harry Hilder and was in town for the cricket and the surf. He lives 496 miles west of Sydney on a ranch that measures 45,000 acres, on which he keeps 4,500 sheep. It is an isolated but challenging life and one of his own choosing, for Hilder went to the bush as a jackeroo, or apprentice, earning ten shillings a week plus his keep. At Bourne, in the northeast corner of New South Wales, he worked on a property of 300,000 acres which maintained, in the accepted ratio of sheep to land, 30,000 animals. He became bookkeeper, overseer, and eventually manager. In his spare time he developed an interest in radio. He joined the army and became a sergeant in signals with the 41st Division in New Guinea, and when the war was done he decided to try for a block of land made available to returning servicemen.

Harry got the block he wanted at Trida, where he is now, almost 500 miles away from the cricket and the surf which he loves. His layout is called Cogie after a dry creek that has run once in eight years, when it flooded the countryside. There were no buildings at Cogie when Harry moved in but he bought an army hut which became his home, and he built a shearing shed where three shearers work at once. He sank wells for water, educated his daughters with the help of the Black Friars School of Correspondence. Nowadays he spends his spare time sending and receiving and once every fortnight he drives seventy miles to Hillston, the nearest town, where he is a member of the Returned Soldier's League. If it rains he is unable to use the first thirty miles of the road, which is no more than a track in the bush. The other hazards, rain or shine, are the wild kangaroos and the emus which he must shoo from the car's path.

The wool clip is sold in Sydney, now the fourth largest city in the British Commonwealth. To Harry Hilder, whose life, like that of many Australians, is wrapped up in sheep, cricket, beer, and surf, it's worth the trip anytime. —HORACE SUTTON.

This is the last of a three-article series on Australia.



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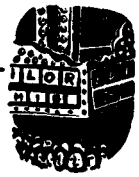

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

But More Room at the Bottom

ANGER in England has not abated in the least, judging by "**Saturday Night and Sunday Morning,**" a film that looks uncompromisingly at working-class life in an industrial town, and manages to give us an all but unforgettable portrait of a young man neither an artist nor a climber, a chap who works hard at a factory lathe for fourteen pounds a week, and spends his weekends having the best time he can. Arthur Seaton is the name of this young man, and as played by Albert Finney he asserts his energy in steamy beer sessions at the local pub, in carrying on with a married woman, in high jinks and practical jokes, and in wary pursuit of a girl who has marriage on her mind. All this might have turned out to be dreary material in the wrong hands, but the goods news about "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" is that the right hands have been at work all along the line.

For one thing, Alan Sillitoe did the screen adaptation of his own deservedly praised novel, and the direction was entrusted to Karel Reisz, a youngish Czech refugee hitherto unknown in the feature field, but well recognized for a short documentary, "We Are the Lambeth Boys." Reisz appears to be every bit as knowledgeable as Jack Clayton, who came so suddenly to our notice with "Room at the Top," and his camera always seems unerringly apt in choosing the details that bring Arthur Seaton vividly to life. Arthur isn't given to docile submission. In fact, he seethes under the necessity to work hard and make a living, and when he's finished at the lathe what he wants "is a good time—all the rest is propaganda."

Finney is a remarkable actor, typecast to perfection on the one hand, and presumably unaware of the camera on the other. He gets himself involved with the wife of a friend at the factory, tries to deal with the sudden fact that she is pregnant by him, and refuses to be daunted by a savage beating inflicted upon him by the husband's relatives. Rachel Roberts, as the wife, is so real she's painful. As the girl who'd like to marry Arthur and settle him down, Hylda Baker has the right inflections. She proves, by the way, to be Arthur's Achilles heel. If it weren't for her taming influence, no telling what the boy would be up to eventually. And while it's essentially monotony that causes his deep-felt exasperation, there's anything but monotony in the film, for it crackles along with hardly a break, the most brilliant effort to come from England since "Room at the Top."

Utterly the opposite in style and mood is "**L'Avventura,**" the work of a highly individualistic director, Michelangelo Antonioni, who here broods for two and a half hours about some upper-class Italians who languidly cope with the mystery of a girl's disappearance. The girl has gone on a yachting party with her fiancé and her close girl friend. The boat stops at a barren volcanic island off Sicily, and suddenly she is gone. Into the sea? Onto a passing fishing boat? No one knows, and no one—including the audience—ever finds out the answer. What Antonioni presumably considers more important is the curious relationship that develops between the fiancé and the other girl, who alternate between a search for the missing girl and an unwilling but strong passion for each other.

All this takes time, much time, but if you're willing to allow Antonioni his own way, you may find yourself fascinated. His vision of his indolent characters and their way of life is bleak, and this sense of bleakness is conveyed on film in what I can only call poetic terms. Noticeable is an awareness of landscape and atmosphere: the rocky barrenness of a volcanic island, the white silence of a town in Sicily, the passionless formalities and intrigues that occur in an elegant villa. All seems muted, even the emotions of the characters. What is called for, quite properly, is a kind of underkeyed acting, and this is what we get from Gabrielle Ferzetti, Monica Vitti, and Lea Massari, who sometimes seem caught in the studied emptiness of a Chirico painting come to somnolent life.

Antonioni would also appear to have thrown aside usual film conventions in the development of his story, adopting instead an avant-garde novelist's approach. He is deliberately not so much undramatic as antidramatic. His people, aware enough on a superficial level, seem prisoners of deeper forces set in motion by the disappearance of the girl. Be prepared for a moody, strange film that requires from its audience an adventurous spirit, along with the willingness to recognize the fact that Antonioni is less concerned with telling a story than with communicating a personal vision, a task that is the most difficult any film director can set for himself. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Tozzi as Boris—"Electronics" to "Elektra"

TELEVISED opera in this country reached a high point of excellence with the NBC-TV Opera Theatre's latest and most ambitious venture, Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunov." This was a consequence of two complementary factors: a generally excellent cast headed by the admirable Giorgio Tozzi, and the resourceful production team, of which Samuel Chotzinoff is producer, Kirk Browning director, and Peter Herman Adler musical chief.

For Tozzi it was a rare kind of triumph: a first try at a difficult task for which he provided a fully rounded, artistically integrated effort. Doubtless there will be other values to consider when he performs it on stage, but in terms of television's visual values and the emphasis the microphone places on textual clarity, this was a masterful accomplishment, growing in strength and intensity to the very end. There was never any occasion to guess what word was on his lips, nor any doubt of the exact sound and meaning he was trying to convey. It was all sure, purposeful, controlled.

Mussorgsky's needs were also well served by such associates as Richard Cross (Pimen), Andrew McKinley's adept Shuisky, the good Varlaam of Spiro Malas, and the talented Jeffrey Meyer as the Czar's son Fyodor (usually played by a mezzo). As tends to happen in "Boris," the female performers were mostly less good, though Joan Caplan sang the music for the Nurse well, as Jeannette Scovotti did Xenia's. Gloria Lane, however, does not have the vocal substance to make Marina the impressive character she should be, with the usual consequence to the "Polish Scene." In terms of totality, NBC brought a striking measure of Mussorgsky (in the Rimsky-Korsakoff treatment) to the home viewer, thanks to admirable designs by Ed Wittstein (especially in color), the always appropriate conducting of Adler, and skilful audio balance.

George Balanchine long ago proved that he could create artful, even expressive, choreography to any music from Gesualdo to Sousa: in "Electronics," now being danced by the New York City Ballet at City Center, it is evident that he is equally capable of creating a ballet to no music at all. What he has to work with in this sound track electronically contrived by Remi Gassmann (with technical aid by Oskar Sala) is challenging, perhaps, but hardly soul-stirring.

The ranks of speakers at either side of the stage filled the auditorium with penetrating emissions of synthetic sound suggestive of a Hammond organ turned Frankenstein's monster. An earlier audience, less adjusted to the industrial syndrome, might have stood up and howled back at the machine. This one took it in stride, the same stride that makes "pleasure" of a walk on Park Avenue despite trains below, sirens beside, and jets overhead.

Artistically, Balanchine had more assistance from David Hays's scenic designs, which brought together all manner of translucent materials into a kind of chic Mammoth Cave, complete with stalactites. What the personnel dressed in white leotards and tights were doing in the overture, song, waltz, etc., which made up the action, I couldn't say, though it was pretty to watch. There was hardly such doubt about the final moments in which Jacques d'Amboise and Diana Adams, arms and bodies interlocked, rolled over and over on the stage. Clearly the world, or a small part of it, was being recreated after the bomb has dropped and musicians have been eliminated.

When has an American soprano new to the Metropolitan last, within a space of weeks, made a mark for herself in roles as varied as Aïda and Butterfly, Leonora in "Trovatore," and Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni"? No matter searching the records: Leontyne Price's competence in Mozart (following her demonstrated abilities in Verdi and Puccini) rounded out a sequence of performances once no more than a norm for a professional singer.

Miss Price met the test of Mozart not only with the general skills of an able singer, but also with the specialized ones appropriate to a particular part. Here it was refinement of musicianship together with a sturdy sense of vocal line that kept all the values—dramatic, expressive, stylistic—in beautiful balance. If anything, she produced too much sound for "Or sai che l'onore"; but when she allowed the voice to float naturally (as in the Mask Trio) it was not merely superior vocal art but a source of real musical pleasure. Miss Price dressed her Donna Anna attractively with an auburn tint to the hair, and bore herself with dignity and poise throughout.

The same "Mask Trio" gave a new perspective to the abilities of Charles Anthony, in his first Ottavio, and Mary Curtis-Verna as Donna Elvira. In his case, it was the blending of an even, well-formed tenor sound with his more experienced partners' that suggested how well he may sing "Dalla sua pace" and "Il mio tesoro" when he has more assurance. In hers it was the likable texture of her mezza voce when it was not being pushed for volume or dramatic "impressiveness." With Karl Böhm's sure control making for a cohesive ensemble (for which one paid the price of a slowed-down "La ci darem la mano" and a non-volatile "Champagne" aria), and George London sounding very well as the Don, this was a "Giovanni" to end the season's sequence with present regret but also with future promise.

Of equal quality was a matinee "Elektra" of the same Saturday in which Leonie Rysanek finally managed to resume, as Chrysothemis, the schedule for which she had been promised weeks ago. From whatever aspect—sight, sound, or stylistic understanding—this was an outstanding accomplishment. There was sheen as well as substance in her sound, and she participated in the action vis-à-vis Inge Borkh's Elektra much more than any of her predecessors. For her part, Miss Borkh was vocally at her strongest, though there remains more that is grotesque than meaningful in her action. Save for a letdown at the end of the Elektra-Klytemnestra (Jean Madeira) scene, Joseph Rosenstock sustained his effort well.

To say that the Ben Weber Piano Concerto performed by William Masselos and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra directed by Leonard Bernstein is ugly is perhaps no more than to say that it is new. History tells us there was a time when newborn music was smiling of face and pleasant of mien when it came into the world. Now it is all too often like its human equivalent: small, incompletely formed, lacking such addenda as hair, noisy if not articulate. Unfortunately, the qualities of heredity which redeem the babe do not often assist young music to mature.

Much of Weber's work was all too familiar—the "row"-derived thematic groups, the ostinato rhythms, the choppy melodic fragments, the hard-hitting piano writing. The andantino inscribed to the memory of Dimitri Mitropoulos is relatively soft and moody, but it lost direction after a while. In the finale, Stravinsky was in the air again. As well as Masselos played, the experience, for me, was joyless. Bernstein's portion of the program ranged from a roughly handled Mozart E flat to a well-proportioned Sibelius No. 5.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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IDEAS

Order and Flux

"The Limits of Reason," by George Boas *(Harper. 156 pp. $3.75), summarizes the philosopher's views on the nature of logic and its relation to man's inner needs. Maxine Greene teaches philosophy and literature at New York University.*

By Maxine Greene

THIS little book sums up and distills the lucid thinking of a man who has tried to see life whole. In it, George Boas presents his own variations on one of philosophy's oldest themes: the relation of the logical and the historical, eternity and time. For a while the images of predecessors like Plato, Kant, and Santayana stir in the background, as Dr. Boas considers the discrepancies between the sphere of order and uniformity reported by reason and the world of flux and diversity in which we live. Soon, however, the reader finds himself perceiving novel relationships; he sees the temporal world presented as the source and crucible of man's aspirations to order and clarity; he sees the realm of reason as a projection out of man's urgent needs.

Professor Boas begins by saying that "eternal" statements, whether in the form of scientific laws or ethical norms, violate, disfigure, and simplify nature as we experience it in time. "Logic," he writes, "has nothing to do with history." This is because logic, or reason, must, by its very nature, reject change; reason simply cannot encompass variety, ambiguity, or the particularity of love and pain. And reason cannot come to terms with memory, with duration—or with hope, whose very essence is "to be unreasonable." If the world were reasonable and uniform, if it were like a laboratory, there would be no justification for hope; we would only predict. But the world we know is wayward; we hope for fulfillments and, moreover, work to realize our dreams. Clearly, this would never occur if traditions could not be overturned, if we lived in a stable, uniform, rational realm.

It does not follow that Professor Boas is in any sense an irrationalist or a dualist. Neither is he existentialist, in the sense of claiming the primacy of "existence" over "essence": he sees no tragedy in the unreasonableness of human history. His concern is to show that reason represents a human aspiration, a significant desire for intelligibility. Reason may urge experience, he says, of variety and individuality; it may construct a world that is in no way "true" to life as we know it; but it is forever "propelled from behind" by our yearnings to humanize reality, to construct meaningful and tolerable pictures of our world.

Dr. Boas shows how human beings, through the ages, have thought by means of metaphor and, through the use of manifold analogies, projected from their own experience such concepts as universe, cosmos, causation, purpose, and natural law. An instance of this, still evident in modern science, is the insistence on the notion of "creation *ex nihilo*," another projection, taking the place of rational explanation. Like Suzanne Langer and others, he suggests that our very descriptive sentences are suppressed metaphors, which first served to satisfy emotional needs and gradually began to serve explanatory purposes. Metaphors change and give way to others; but it is not logical consistency that determines which will prevail at any given moment. It is, rather, the degree to which it justifies a prevalent religious idea. Dr. Boas illustrates this by recalling how the ancient Greek metaphor describing nature as a living organism seemed appropriate to Christianity, while "antireligious" Epicurean atomism did not. We need metaphors, images, figures of speech, we are told, to do what scientific laws do only indirectly, when they are defined to make sense of phenomena.

In addition, Boas believes, human beings need myths to "humanize the events which are being explained"; positivists notwithstanding, we insist on seeking meaning for our lives. A myth is an expanded metaphor in the concrete terms of narrative; and many examples are given, including fertility myths, the social contract myth, and even the vision of "upward progress" associated with evolutionism. Causes and purposes are the residues of myths, we are told; scientific laws, in effect, are myths divested of the concrete terms with which they began. Even as descriptive statements were originally metaphors, so were scientific world models originally myths. Professor Boas reminds us that our current interest in the dynamic and creative factors in reality may be due to the absence of craftsmanship in our lives; he shows how empiricism developed in response to need and (perhaps whimsically) suggests that our contemporary fascination with physics may be due to the fear and terror associated with it, a fear and terror which have always brought satisfaction to devil-haunted men.

WE project; and, out of our projections, order is made. But we require myths to make the facts acceptable. Moreover, we need them to give status and universality to our moral codes. Dr. Boas seems to indicate that only an unverifiable ethical universality, attained by metaphor or myth, can counter cultural relativism. Scientific facts

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WHAT SHAPE ARE YOU IN THIS TIME?

Here is a second list of adjectives having to do with forms—with the comparative appearances of things. Irving T. Duke of Arlington, Virginia, asks you to assign the right adjectives to the right definitions. All is made shipshape on page 45.

1. ovate	( ) arrowhead-shaped
2. pectinate	( ) beak-shaped
3. rhaboid	( ) comb-shaped
4. rhampoid	( ) cup-shaped
5. rotiform	( ) egg-shaped
6. sagittate	( ) rod-shaped
7. scutate	( ) shield-shaped
8. scyphate	( ) sword-shaped
9. urceolate	( ) urn-shaped
10. xyphoid	( ) wheel-shaped

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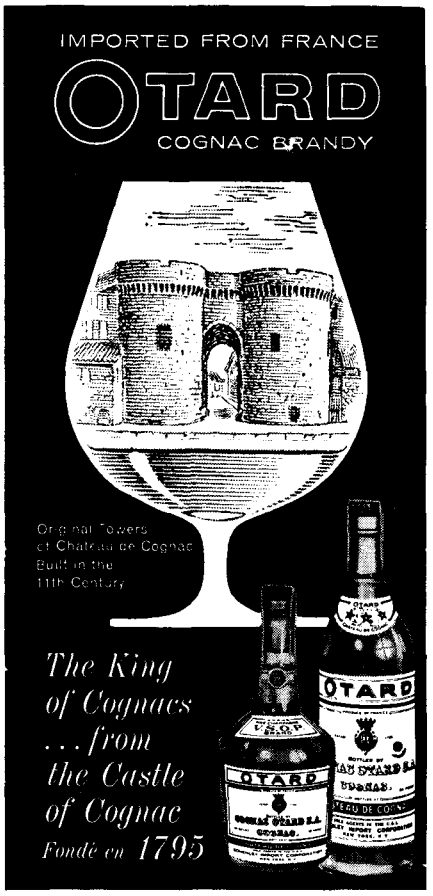
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are intolerable; and ethical sanctions, whether supernatural or secular, are ineffective without the concrete relevance, the emotive power associated with myth.

Ultimate questions always arise, he writes; and, without symbols (or "concentrated emblems"), without metaphoric projections, without the ongoing effort to remake the world in human terms, life would be purposeless and chaotic. The need to make sense out of a neutral world moves men to reason; and the need itself, for order and clarity and calm, is nurtured in the midst of life.

In a day of schism, a day of preoccupation with "meaninglessness," a book like this opens up possibilities of integration, possibilities of relating value to fact—and the real to the ideal. Dr. Boas makes us confront the fact that the only meanings there are are those we shape ourselves; but he helps us see, at least, that need and desire can be reconciled with fidelity to truth—and that we can attain a religious perspective without losing our souls.

Invest Now, Pay Later

"The New Capitalists: A Proposal to Free Economic Growth from the Slavery of Savings," by Louis O. Kelso and Mortimer J. Adler *(Random House. 109 pp. $3.50), offers a plan for eliminating "the false values attached to toil" by making it easier for the average man to own stock. Edward C. Bursk is editor of the Harvard Business Review.*

By Edward C. Bursk

IN 1958 Louis Kelso, a corporate and financial lawyer, and Mortimer Adler, a philosopher and writer, produced a very useful book: "The Capitalist Manifesto." It was useful because it pointed out "some hard truth about our excessively laboristic society," and provoked some serious doubts about the survival power of capitalism. It was, in fact, dedicated to making our capitalistic, entrepreneurial society stronger; and to this end it proposed, both for economic and for social and moral reasons, that the ownership base of industry be made truly democratic.

It is hard to disagree with such a goal; even harder to disapprove of anyone thinking about it energetically, imaginatively; and hardest of all to criticize efforts directed at getting everybody else to do such soul-searching. But what kind of action needs to be taken? That is the real test.

"The New Capitalists" is frankly designed as a sequel to the "Manifesto." Here Kelso and Adler set out to provide a practical approach to the goals set forth in the previous book. And here they stub their toes, unfortunately.

The proposed solution is basically simple: a governmental, or public, organization to insure bankers against loss in lending to individuals for the purpose of buying stock in corporations. The idea is that this insurance would produce "unlimited" funds, at such a competitive advantage over existing sources (retained earnings, long-term debt, etc.), that a surge of additional individuals would become stockholders. These would be individuals who could not invest before because they did not have the necessary savings or "accumulated wealth."

Since the banks would hold the newly purchased shares as security until the "new financed capitalists" paid off their loans, the result would be a system for buying stock on the instalment plan. This does not change the fact that the new capital would still have to come out of savings—the very bottleneck that Kelso and Adler are trying to break. The plan merely enables aspiring investors to spend their future savings in advance.

Would the funds be unlimited, then? That is, would so many new individuals rush to the bank for loans that they would have to pay off out of money they could otherwise be spending for new cars or new appliances—all for the sake of future profit, or just for the joy of being capitalists? Or, if such a tendency should develop, might it not go to the other extreme? Certainly, if the whole device becomes a gigantic incentive for little people to play the stock market, the results could be disastrous in terms of speculation and inflation.

Kelso and Adler, in trying to secure action by reducing the risk at one point in the process, miss some fundamental points. Risk is two-edged: it is incentive, in that it offers a possible reward for those who take it and overcome it; and it is disciplinary, in that it punishes those who take it and are not successful. And usually these two effects are in proportion to each other.

In the case of investing in large, established corporations the risk is minimal—either nonexistent, or at most the sacrifice of potential profit in this or

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that alternative investment (not the loss of the whole capital, except over very long periods), but the reward is concomitantly less, too. So both the incentive and the disciplinary effects are low-key; and (except in the event of a runaway stock market) cutting the risk won't generate much of a stir.

With small, growing companies, on the other hand, there is a lot of gamble. The odds are as desperate as the payoff is big. In this case the trouble is that removing some of the risk could set off a wild rush.

Kelso and Adler cite the Federal Housing Authority insurance of bank mortgage lending as a precedent. But houses are inherently more attractive possessions than stocks; also, house values are much more stable and predictable. If insurance is needed to make bankers willing to lend money on houses to people who don't have enough savings to make what would otherwise be a reasonable down payment, then surely this stock loan insurance would put the government itself into a risk-taking business. And if the losses were great, then *all* the people would have to foot the bill, whether they wanted to or not.

Finally, it *is* good if "the financed-capitalist program would . . . gradually eliminate the false values attached to toil" by making the ownership of the means of production more esteemed than physical labor. But it is *not* good if those who directed the government insurance agency were in the position of deciding what corporations were eligible for insured investment. Kelso and Adler already suggest that companies with monopolistic tendencies

should be ruled out; it could as easily be those whose products were deemed less than desirable on some sociological or moralistic whim.

Again, it is *not* good if these government personnel were to decide the eligibility of borrowers. Kelso and Adler suggest that they use their power for the purpose of upgrading the education of the whole citizenry, by insisting on more years of advanced schooling from borrowers under the plan. But what kind of "democratic capitalism" limits ownership by education? Is a government agency to insure bank loans the proper place to make and implement decisions on culture for the masses?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 4, 2, 8, 1, 3, 7, 10, 9, 5.

Critics' Poll

Continued from page 22

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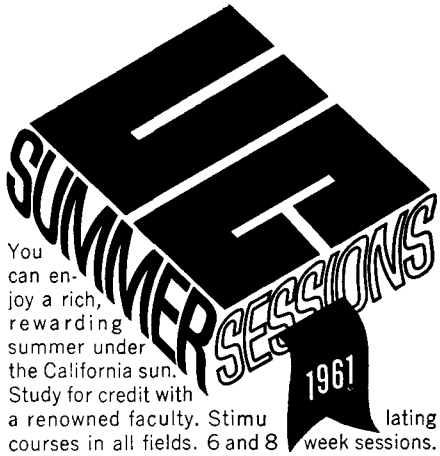

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Literary Sampler

Continued from page 24

to combat charges about Democrats' being soft on communism," I snapped rather gruffly.

"I know that," she interrupted impatiently. "But why is it necessary to say that he was killed while he was bombing Germany? This area has lots of Germans. Why not just say, 'Joe was killed in the war?' "

I had never thought of this, and the more I traveled with Ethel Kennedy the more perceptive I found her. She was one of the most politically sophisticated women I have ever known. Nothing escaped her attention, apparently, and it was a privilege to work with her. On the stage she was forthright and effective. In the plane, in face-to-face analysis of ideas and next steps, she was brilliant. I always thought of her as the pert little wren that lives outside my window and makes the summers lovely. Like the wren, Ethel's excited chatter had an extremely winning quality. She had that rare attribute that makes some women so attractive: she could be wholly feminine and at the same time impressively intelligent.

—From "Report of the County Chairman," by James Michener (to be published by Random House next month).

Sans Ceremony

IN PRIVATE life not many Russians are punctual or careful about appointments. One Soviet Russian who was punctilious in this respect was asked by her friends: "Are you becoming an American or an Englishwoman or something, with all this fuss about appointments?" When a Russian gives you an invitation he means you to come; he is not indulging in a mere formula of courtesy, as can happen in Spain or Italy or Jugoslavia. But if you arrive an hour late he will not as a rule complain, nor will he expect you to be much disturbed if he does not himself turn up within the same period. If he forgets to come, he will be honest and say so.

Some of the most cultured Russians I knew were not embarrassed at going out with a three days' growth of beard, or at receiving callers when they were still in bed; and for my part I had not to be embarrassed if they chose to call on me for breakfast, or to telephone at 2:00 a.m. to ask the meaning of a word in an Elizabethan text. Even privileged visitors whom the authorities wish to impress are often conducted on the same happy-go-lucky principle.

—From "Russians as People," by Wright W. Miller (to be published this month by Dutton).

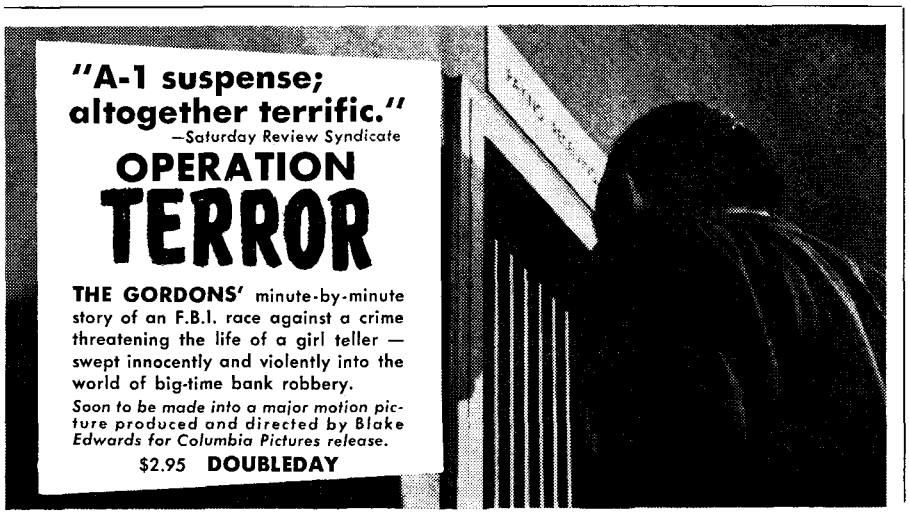
Ancient Dignity

THE CHINESE-INDONESIAN dispute provided an excellent opportunity to listen to the reflections of many astute Indonesian diplomats and politicians who had journeyed to or served in Moscow and Peking. These reflections involved not only insights into the alliance but fascinating observations about Chinese psychology.

For example, an Indonesian diplomat who once served in London and Moscow said: "The Chinese have an inner dignity that one must respect. It comes, I think, from a self-assurance, even a sense of superiority, that dates back thousands of years, when the Chinese *were* the most cultured race on earth. At a diplomatic reception, a Chinese ambassador looks dignified and self-sufficient even when he is standing off to one side, alone, a bit aloof. Any other ambassador might look a bit self-conscious, but not the Chinese.

"Even when they spit, they do it with dignity."

—From "Dragon in the Kremlin," by Marvin L. Kalb (to be published this month by Dutton).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ON LENOX AVENUE in Harlem, a Negro man said to a small crowd, "Don't worry. He was a great man with great ideas. He didn't let any grass grow under his feet. His plans are made and somebody's gonna carry them out." On Rivington Street on the Lower East Side, someone asked a Jewish housewife if she'd heard the radio. "For what do I need a radio?" the woman cried out. "It's on everybody's face."

In the lobby of a Park Avenue hotel, the whispered word burned the ears of the wife of a prominent Wall Street lawyer. She entered an elevator, clenching a glove, impatient to get to a radio. Half-a-dozen passengers crowded the little car. Behind her, a man's voice broke the silence. "So he's finally dead. Isn't it about time?" The woman turned around slowly, eyes wide. Then, in a most uncharacteristic gesture, she lashed her glove across the man's cheek. The door opened and she stepped out.

—From "When F.D.R. Died," by Bernard Asbell (to be published this month by Holt, Rinehart & Winston).

White Man's Africa, 1860

UTURE adventurers are strongly advised always to assume the character of traders. In the first place, it explains the traveler's motives to the people, who otherwise lose themselves in a waste of wild conjecture. Secondly, under this plea, the explorer can push forward into unknown countries; he will be civilly received, and lightly fined, because the hosts expect to see him or his semblables again; whereas, appearing without ostensible motive amongst them, he would be stripped of his last cloth by recurring confiscations, fines, and every annoyance which greed of gain can suggest. Thus, as the sequel will prove, he loses more by overcharges than by the trifling outlay necessary to support the character of a trader. He travels respectably as a "Mundewa" or "Tajir," a merchant, which is ever the highest title given by the people to strangers; and he can avoid exciting the jealousy of the Arabs by exchanging his tusks with them at a trifling loss when comforts or provisions are required for the road.

—From "The Lake Regions of Central Africa," by Sir Richard F. Burton (to be published next month by Horizon).

Yank's Wife at Oxford

THE GLAMOROUS titles of the banquets to which [my husband] was invited—the Boar's Head Dinner, the Needle and Thread Dinner, the

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St. Simon and St. Jude Dinner, a Christ Church Gaudy—filled me with envy, nor was it dispelled afterward when I let my eyes run over the printed menu and feasted vicariously on six courses and seven wines. . . . The one I most wished I had been invited to was a dinner to celebrate (it said on the invitation) "the 350th anniversary of Sir Will Davenant's 52nd birthday and his happy release from the Tower after his fourth imprisonment therein, and to drink to the health of the Swan of Isis."

—From "These Ruins Are Inhabited," by Muriel Beadle (to be published in June by Doubleday).

Orator

VANDENBERG would often be carried away by the hyperbole of his own rotund phrases. My father used to illustrate this very human characteristic by the example of a horse we owned years ago crossing the bridge over the Connecticut River at Middletown. She was gentle and well disposed. But as the buggy began to rumble across the bridge's planking, she would begin to prick up her ears and begin to move faster. More rumble brought more speed, until by the time the Portland shore was reached she was in full gallop and quite a lather. In the same way Vandenberg worked himself up to "a first showdown as to where President Roosevelt's treaty-making power leaves off and that of the Senate begins."

—From "Sketches From Life of Men I Have Known," by Dean Acheson (to be published next month by Harper).

At Home with the P.M.

FATHER'S ménage was so unusual by standards of Western civilization that I was sometimes impelled by a very natural curiosity to make my own investigations as to how it was run, what the "drill" was, whether there were any sort of Rules of Conduct. (I believe that eastern harems were really places of quite rigorous discipline—for the female inmates, that is.) For instance, how were the natural passions of feminine jealousy kept under control amongst so much complexity of personal relationship? And I could not but remark the relative youthfulness of the women—their lord was about thirty to forty years older than most of them; so that the furthest question naturally arose in my mind—what was the appeal to the ladies, apart from the rather obvious one that he was a very wealthy man? He could not regu-

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larize his relationships with them nor give their children his name.

I found myself in confidential discussion about father with a rather soft, dark young woman.

She giggled. "He's a funny gentleman, isn't he?"

"He amuses you, does he?"

"Could say."

"Tell me something he said that amused you?"

"Oh, Major Richard!"

"Go on. Tell me."

"Well, let's see . . . There's a story about a preacher . . . and in the end he says to the congregation, 'My brethren, where would you rather be—with the five wise virgins in the light—or with the five foolish virgins in the dark?' "

—From "Lloyd George," by Richard Lloyd George (to be published by Crown next month).

Self-Portrait

WHO ELSE was there to paint? He could not afford to hire a model. Besides, as the destructive frenzy seized him when he glared at the objects in their swathings of tarpaulin, so a solemn preoccupation held him when he saw, in the very decent mirror that the innkeeper Heer Schumann had found and set up for him, his own ravaged face. For hours he would stare at that self which he had come to consider his own indubitable possession: at the flesh that had collapsed and loosened under the strain and the loss of weight, at the eyes—almost expressionless, uncommitted, merely waiting—gazing out from between the thick eyebrows and the heavy pouches, at the lips folded upon each other in a way that suggested more tenderness than he would have thought he possessed, at the peasant nose that had not been chiseled a whit more elegantly by the hand of pain. He would stare for half an hour and then wander slowly over to the easel—there was no need for hurry, nobody wanted him for anything—and put down a few strokes and stroll back to the mirror to give himself up to that deep staring again. And he neither liked nor disliked that self which he was setting down—only knew that, like the earth, it *was*. Was, in spite of inner convulsions. Was, in spite of the inevitable erosion wrought upon it by the tides of the years.

—From "Rembrandt," by Gladys Schmitt (to be published in June by Random House).

Books in the News

Continued from page 21

Goering & Associates there were other Nuremberg trials. A pack of higher SS officers who had executed Eichmann's extermination programs, particularly in the wake of the invasion of Russia, were together tried, and a number finally were hanged. Musmanno, who had been a U.S. naval officer in the Mediterranean, sat as one of the judges of these commando leaders.

Based squarely on the record, this is his eyewitness account of their day in court. He takes them one by one—Ohlendorf, Yost, Braune, Naumann, the particularly odious Blobel, the others—and, in effect, strips them naked.

Here was a judge who would not withdraw into his robes. Musmanno intervened to take over much of the questioning because he wanted to know what kind of thinking could change a man, well educated and supposedly sane, into a ravening beast. He was looking for any line of defense, by any participant, which might be mitigating, if not exculpatory. The central theme is the vainness of the search.

Major-General Ohlendorf, the sharpest of the pack, was compelled to answer the question: Would he kill his sister if Hitler asked it? He replied: "Within the framework of an order, which is absolutely necessary militarily, yes, I would have executed the order."

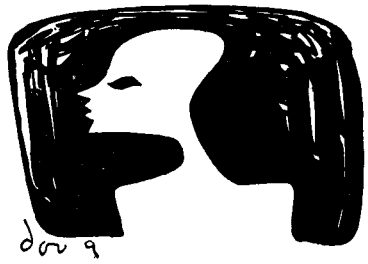
Blobel, who had slaughtered tens of thousands of innocents and gloried in it, is caught saying: "What we did was, in my opinion, completely in accordance with the Hague Convention."

Former professors, an architect, an ex-minister of the gospel were counted in this gang of mass killers. None was repentant. None seemingly felt any guilt. Under intense questioning, the group sense of moral values proved no higher than that of a pit of snakes.

Presaging what may be expected of Eichmann, the excuse they offered for themselves was that they were bound by a military oath which deprived them of all choice. Is it a defense? Not even the oath of a German soldier in that time made him a fettered slave doomed to obey unquestioningly irrespective of law. No military oath requires that; if it did, soldiering would long ago have vanished in the slough of obloquy, for no self-respecting person would serve. Eichmann was not a soldier. He was an SS bureaucrat strutting in uniform. The SS was formed to do the murderous work which the military would not touch. To the eternal shame of the professional military, many in the high command knew of it, and did not try to stop it. Keitel and Jodl paid with their lives; the best that may be said of some of the field marshals is that they were either craven or blind.

Musmanno quotes the defendant Steimle: "I will say this: hundreds of thousands have, together with me, placed their faith and idealism in the hands of a few people with too great confidence."

Faith and idealism are words grotesquely out of place in this context. But perhaps this one defendant groped for the same lesson that the liberators of Dachau and Buchenwald read from the horror: When a society tolerates—and indeed acclaims, a government that is limitlessly corrupt, the spread of evil



and moral decay must go on limitlessly.

Musmanno says at the end: "It may even be that through the trial with its horrifying revelations was accomplished the unintended benefit of demonstrating what are the inevitable consequences that attend any plan stemming from arrogance, hatred and intolerance. And there may have been proved what has never been disproved: There is only one fuehrer and that is Truth."

Yes, Truth. So Eichmann's hour soon comes and the old quest is renewed.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 924

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 924 will be found in the next issue.

CFAFL OLD OP GFFB QB HKOM OMF NPCF-RFR. NQRO HSKO SCT WFFO OMFW PC OMF HSD XPWKCZ YSXG.

MFLYFLO BLPXMCPH.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 923

He uses statistics as a drunken man uses lampposts—for support rather than illumination. —LANG.

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Sutton

Continued from page 18

one had to murder Arabs, whereas the laws of Germany did order that Jews be exterminated.

These are some of the legal points that are certain to be exercised during the early weeks when the trial opens in the brand-new Beit Ha'am, the community center in Jerusalem, only blocks away from the Jordan border, guarded on the far side by the red-towel-topped members of the Arab Legion once trained by Britain's Lt. Gen. Sir John Bagot Glubb, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C. Although most foreign governments keep their diplomatic missions in Tel Aviv, a sunny city on the Mediterranean an hour and a half away, the parts of Jerusalem left to Israel by the United Nations comprise the capital of the nation. The palm-moistening position of the community house, standing so close to territory from which potential deliverers might well operate, certainly poses enormous new security problems for Bureau 06.

The center itself, which can seat 800 spectators, will be part of an enclosed compound encompassing the Menorah Club, which has been turned into a restaurant. The courtroom's public gallery has been screened off by bullet-proof glass and spectators will not be subject to search. The 500 members of the press, however, will be searched each day as they enter the compound. It is hoped, therefore, that they will leave their typewriters and tape recorders within the enclosure each night so that the equipment will not have to be subjected to a fresh search daily. The trial will be conducted in Hebrew, the national language of Israel, but reporters will be provided with wire-free transistor radios that will offer them simultaneous translations no matter where they may be in the compound. With closed-circuit television and transistor radios, reporters can follow the trial by sight and sound even while preparing stories in the press room.

Eichmann himself will be seated on the stage of the auditorium inside a glass box which some American observers have likened to the glass cage used in televised quiz shows. He will communicate through a microphone in German, for, despite the first reports, he speaks no Hebrew. Courtroom translations between Hebrew and German will be consecutive. Since there is no jury, Eichmann's fate will be decided by the judges, who are the sole arbiters of the court. The presiding Supreme Court justice, Moshe Landau, is forty-nine, was born in Danzig, educated at London University, and settled in Israel in 1933. The district court judges, Yizhak Raveh, fifty-five, and Dr. Benjamin Halevi, fifty, its president, were both born in Germany, educated at the University of Berlin, and came to Israel in 1933.

Whatever verdict these men pronounce on fifty-four-year-old Eichmann, who was born in the Rhineland and lived in Austria for eighteen years until he was called to Germany to train at a Nazi camp in 1933, the same year the judges arrived in Palestine, his personal future is less important to the Government of Israel than the conduct of the trial. The government's objective in capturing Eichmann and bringing him to the bar is to offer a mighty exposition of the awful events that happened to the Jews during those fateful years of Nazi oppression. "We are presenting it," a government spokesman said, "for ourselves, for our children, and for the world. It might be the Jews this time, but someone else tomorrow. In other atrocities committed during the war there was an act of commission and a resulting act of punishment. Heydrich was assassinated in Czechoslovakia and Lidice was destroyed. But the Jews were destroyed despite the events. After the fall of Mussolini, Eichmann sent truckloads of Jews north through the narrow Brenner Pass, holding up German troops trying to race south. His clear objective was the annihilation of the Jewish people. People forget. Some don't believe. The other day I saw a French documentary on the Nuremberg trial. It lasted for one hour and twenty minutes but the subject of the attempt at Jewish extermination was on the screen for no more than a minute."

OVER the objections of defense counsel Servatius, the entire proceedings will, for the first time in courtroom history, be televised. The point of law on which it was decided may have wide ramifications. Servatius had termed television detrimental to the dignity of the court, insisted that witnesses who might have boasted to their friends in advance of the trial would have to stick to their distortions. In finding in favor of permitting television, the judges twice quoted the British jurist Jeremy Bentham, who, on the subject of witnesses, said, "Environed as [the witness] sees himself by a thousand eyes, contradiction, should he hazard a false tale, will seem ready to rise up in opposition to it from a thousand mouths." On publicity the judges again fell back on Bentham: "Only in proportion as publicity has place can any of the checks applicable to judicial justice operate. Where there is no publicity there is no justice. It keeps the judge himself, while trying, under trial. The security of securities is publicity."

Since it would prove impractical to honor the nearly eighty requests for accreditation from the television and newsreel companies, Israel awarded the television privileges to one company, Capital Cities Broadcasting Corporation, an American concern of which Lowell Thomas is a principal stockholder. Four hidden noiseless cameras will record the trial on videotape, a fast process that requires minimal light. Every moment of the trial will be pictorially recorded and the tape made available to any network that can use it. Under its contract Capital Cities must give all its profits from the tapes to a charity institution approved by Israel.

WITH the commencement of the televised trial all the world can join with Israel, whose citizens for many months now have argued the proprieties of the case and the possibilities of its ultimate disposition. Opinions here range from those who would have him publicly tortured, to those who say he should be released after the trial ends. Certainly he cannot be remanded to a common prison, for the criminal types, most of them Jewish, would surely murder him. Hanging seems likely, although many Israelis think the nation should rise above revengeful punishment. Some worry about the effect on relations with Germany. *Sabras,* those born here, are inclined to be more lenient. A famed Israeli athlete, a *sabra,* told me, "We cannot be fair in judging him. We should have sent him to the international court at The Hague. Germany is very important to our country. It is one of our best customers. We cannot afford more hard feelings." A *sabra* journalist felt Eichmann should be tried in each of the countries in which he committed crimes against the people, to become, in fact, a wandering German. A paratrooper, three times wounded in the Sinai Campaign, told me, "It would have been better and cleaner if we had killed him in the Argentine." One night I sat in a darkened nightclub in the frontier city of Eilat on the Red Sea while an Israeli insurance man, once a lawyer in Wurzburg, Germany, told me earnestly, "It is necessary for us to show the moral guilt of such acts both to our own children who know very little of it, and to the rest of the world, part of which hardly believes it. If history is at all important to future conduct, then the trial must be held and the guilty punished." An Israeli movie producer took a more cynical view. "By now," he said, "Eichmann has been brainwashed. He will be used as a political pawn. He can be made to mention things that may prove embarrassing to

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Adenauer, or he can be restrained from mentioning them. Hanging in the balance will be the gold, the reparations, and the loans." Said a young Israeli corporal in the women's branch of the air force, her father dead at Auschwitz, herself only three years in Israel: "Hang him from the highest tree."

Of all this the government points out that the idea of finding Eichmann precedes the founding of the state, that a try at better relations with the Germans started before Eichmann was caught, and the matter of a loan was discussed then. The claim on reparations is no more than a claim on the Jew's own property, confiscated and destroyed by the Nazis. Adenauer's sensitivity on the Jewish question long predates Eichmann's capture. The Germans don't care about Eichmann but they are worried about the world's impression, especially U.S. opinion. In that regard Adenauer and Ben-Gurion share and reject the same worries. I asked the Israeli prime minister as we sat one night in a suite in the new Sheraton Tel Aviv, itself a symbol of Israel's growing national status, if he expected the death penalty for Eichmann. Said he: "The trial itself is the important thing, not the penalty. The plan of Eichmann was to destroy all the Jews in the world. The trial is to show the people here and the people throughout the world the dangers of anti-Semitism and what can happen if it is allowed to grow." Under the window the Mediterranean washed at its most easterly shore, at the edge of a land that has become a haven and a homeland. The sky expanded in a carpet of stars in the spring night. And in a blockhouse perhaps an hour away, the symbol of man's evil and unworthiness waited to come to terms with humanity.

Zeisel

Continued from page 19

Georgia to believe that what they did has nothing to do with the horrors of Auschwitz. Nor will the decent citizens all over our country who guard their clubs from Jewish members see any connection. Not even the Louisiana mothers, to say nothing of the more gentlemanly segregationists, have probably ever harmed another citizen's hair. What connection could there be with the butchers of Auschwitz? Simply this: It all began with little more than the institutionalized dislike of Jews and the devices to avoid contact with them. The sin began there; the disaster that followed would not have been possible without this innocent-looking prelude.

Thus it is possible that not even the ends which this trial can bring about will justify the degrading way in which Eichmann was apprehended and brought to Israel.

We have here the tragic paradox that the trial of what must be the greatest crime ever committed may well fail in its larger purpose.

BUT if this larger purpose cannot be achieved, is it not important to punish this worst of all criminals anyway? I suppose so, although I am not convinced. What is to be the purpose? To make him a better man? To keep him from committing another such crime? To serve as a warning for others? It is enough to enumerate these traditional aims of our criminal law to see how inappropriate they are to this case. There is, of course, still rightful hate and revenge. One cannot be sure they ought ever to enter our law, but in any event even revenge or hate presupposes some human bond.

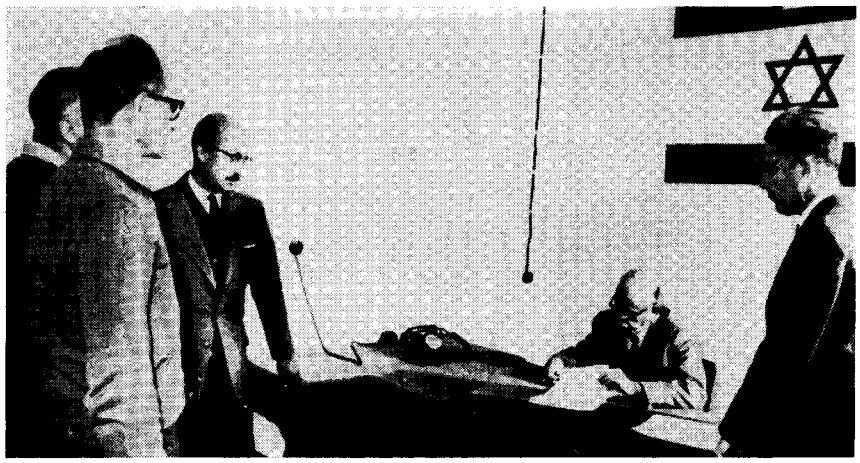
There remains then the Biblical punishment simply for the evil done, an eye for an eye, the payment of a debt to society. But how is one to pay for Auschwitz? Whatever we do is likely to be about as effective as punishing a mountain by kicking it.

But, once Eichmann had been found, how could one afford not to try him? It would seem an impossible proposition. Yet I find myself attracted to the wisdom of the grim joke which the Vienna Jews told each other during the Hitler days: "If I could ever get my hands on Hitler, I don't know *what* I would do to him," said one man. "I know what *I* would do," said another. "When it is all over, Hitler will sit at the table next to mine in the coffeehouse while I read the newspapers. He will then ask me, 'May I please borrow your newspapers?' And I shall look straight at him and say, 'No, not you, Herr Hitler!'" It has always seemed to me that such punishment would do just as well. After all, it was Cain's.

To make us believe that the destruction of 6,000,000 Jews can be understood by talking to one depraved underling is both impossible and a mistake. And it would still be a mistake even if the whole brutal horde of Nazi murderers were to be assembled before the Israeli court. So immense was this crime that we all had to be involved, not by taking part, but by our silence, by our direct encouragement, or only by our looking the other way; at best, by our concern for what then seemed to us more important. To comprehend the full tragedy, we must see it as part of the general decline of our moral sensibilities—a temporary decline, we trust. When the last century was about to end, the Dreyfus affair, the mere jailing of one innocent Jew, aroused the passionate wrath of the civilized world. A bare forty years later, this world is marked by the Moscow trials and the horrors that were hidden behind them, by our still only dim realization of what we did in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and by the boundless abyss of the Nazi crimes. The trial will not make it easier for us to realize that, however remotely, we all share in this moral catastrophe, that it is indeed, in the words of the Christian prayer, *nostra culpa, nostra maxima culpa.*

But if this is so, could there not be some wisdom in not bringing before us the last details of these horrors, thus leaving with us a merciful remnant of disbelief?

Eichmann Arraigned



—Wide World.

Only photograph released during prisoner's incarceration shows Eichmann being arraigned before Israeli judge, who sits under a Star of David.

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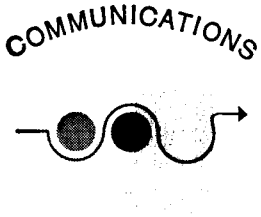
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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Reading Is a Habit

UNDER the warming sunlight of a President who reads habitually, voraciously, and widely, men and women who work in the communications fields of the printed word are visibly burgeoning. Proud of their profession and determined to reverse public indifference to reading which first movies, then radio, then television appeared to foster, the publishers of newspapers, magazines, and books have begun fresh programs to promote increased public awareness of the value of reading. Campaigns by all print media to encourage reading blossom everywhere; Mr. Kennedy's highly publicized habit of reading gives them impetus.

Presidents before Mr. Kennedy have been omnivorous readers. FDR read himself to sleep every night of his adult life, often with murder mysteries. Lincoln's reading was not only the basis of lifelong self-education but a point of contention in his home—his wife said he neglected her for books. Jefferson, Cleveland, and Wilson were, of course, thoroughly educated men who made books the core of their vast learning. As with so many successful men, they read everything—philosophy, history, science, poetry, fiction—and read it habitually, in great gulps, as though thirsty for knowledge.

The new President is, of course, by his own definition "a repressed journalist." He would almost certainly have been a professional writer, probably journalistic, had he not entered politics early. He is, after all, a Pulitzer Prize author. By his youth and restless vigor he has reminded us of a previous occupant of the White House—Teddy Roosevelt—and by a compulsive reading habit and outstanding ability to put the English language on paper correctly and powerfully. If it is true that reading skill has declined because of the movies, radio, TV, and pictorial journalism, it is also true that it is possible to lure Americans to the printed page at least in part because it's "the thing to do." What the President of the United States does you can do, too. And if any communicator denies the power of imitation, fashion, or snob appeal he denies the truth. It may be that the new occupant of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue will be for reading what communicators in the printed word have prayed for: a high-level champion of its cause.

Reading is a habit. Once you've got the habit you never lose it. But you must somehow be exposed to reading early enough in life to have it become a part of your daily routine, like washing your face or breathing. Many an unfortunate grade-school child in our highly seasoned, electronic, picture-conscious age has never been exposed to the reading habit and cannot, therefore, read without effort. Some modern children seldom if ever read for fun. Like muscles that are almost never used, their concentration and interest give way quickly. They long for the automatic, pictorial sensation of TV (which can be highly instructive and entertaining at times) rather than the tedium of moving the eyes from left to right, from left to right, from left to right, on line after line after line of unillustrated print. There's a certain sadness in realizing that a whopping segment of the exploding new teen-age generation never

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really reads anything, unless forced to do so.

Reading is one of the most private of satisfactions. Reading is completely portable, perhaps the handiest of all art forms. Reading offers a tremendous subtlety unavailable through sound or pictures, for reading stirs the imagination as nothing else. Reading is also a communicable habit: children will read if their parents always have a book or two going and habitually devour newspapers and magazines. The other media of communication have their sterling qualities and their place, but let us not forget that so has reading. We feel sad when we realize there are some who do not know its glories and its fun.

Perhaps the new President has become the leader of a fashionable trend that will halt a distressing and discernible illiteracy. Every communicator in the fields of print media, every professional association, every individual writer and editor should give this cause his undivided loyalty and energy: to help create and restore reading as a habit to millions of our people for whom its unmatched wonders and personal satisfaction have been either neglected or mislaid.

—Richard L. Tobin.

• • •

Introducing New By-Liners

The Reverend John LaFarge, S. J., has long been Associate Editor of *America*, national Catholic weekly review, and for four years was Editor-in-Chief. Author of "The Manner is Ordinary," "An American Amen," and many other works, Father LaFarge has a wide following among liberal readers both in and out of his church, and his friendly face is familiar at many a gathering of U. S. editors.

Jerry Wald is one of Hollywood's most successful and independent film producers. Among his successes have been "Sons and Lovers," "Peyton Place," "Johnny Belinda," "Key Largo," "Mildred Pierce," and "Destination Tokyo." He was Executive Producer of the Oscar-loaded "From Here to Eternity," and his Jerry Wald Productions has just tackled James Joyce's "Ulysses," a formidable assignment in view of the Supreme Court's recent censorship decision.

Letters to the Communications Editor

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BLACKOUT

I would like to see you devote some space in an early issue to the news blackout concerning President Kennedy's activities, so far as Southern California is concerned. You have on more than one occasion praised the idea of a televised press conference and the chance it gives the people to form intelligent opinions.

To begin with, the all-powerful Los Angeles *Times* does not publish a transcript of these press conferences. I am sure that they did when Eisenhower was President.

Next, because of the time differential, the conferences come on the networks during the middle of the day. Up until now, the networks have grudgingly run half-hour tapes at 5 p.m. or sometimes 7 or 10:30 p.m. Even then, a few of the "less interesting" questions are edited out and glibly summarized by a commentator. However, last night the tapes were not run at all during the evening hours and all we got on TV were a few snatches which Douglas Edwards and Huntley and Brinkley could squeeze into their programs. This is no criticism of them, as they obviously cannot get a half-hour program into a fifteen-minute news summary.

The radio stations did run "transcripts" (I thought) during the evening hours. However, by comparing the TV snatches, two different radio station re-runs, and the censored Los Angeles *Times* version, I found that the radio stations had edited out questions (ABC removed the one regarding Laos) or even a paragraph out of the middle of the President's answer. I am interested to know he is getting mail from all over the country about the "abuse" he is being subjected to. We out here don't see enough of the conference to know he is being abused.

I don't know if this is the situation in other parts of the country; apparently it is not. It also happened with the Inauguration, which was not re-run at all during the evening hours, and I wrote to the TV editor of the *Times*. He did mention in his column the fact that he had received many letters about this and he himself did not understand the networks and the independent local stations' not doing this —but nothing happened.

Can you bring the networks' attention to this?

Carol Colver.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

FOR A COLLEGE OF PROPAGANDA

I was interested in James Webb Young's Madison Avenue column in which he raised the question "Do We Need a College of Propaganda?" [*SR*, Feb. 11].

In my estimation, we definitely do; and the sad part of it is that we had one, which was rounding into excellent shape, and we let it disintegrate and die.

During the war, we set up schools for the teaching of psychological warfare, which included the teaching of propaganda, both black and white and the various shades of grey in between. We had a couple of schools in this country, the principal one being on the Marshall Field estate out in Lloyd's Neck. There were also a couple in Canada, and several in England. The English schools preceded ours, and by the time we got into it they had learned a lot about the techniques of propaganda and its teaching.

Four of us here in the United States attended, first as students, then as instructors, almost every one of these schools, in England, Canada, and the United States. We set up the Lloyd's Neck school, worked out its curriculum, and taught there. Toward the end of the war, we really felt that we had learned something about propaganda and how to teach it.

When the end did come, and the schools were disbanded and abandoned, we felt and hoped that the machinery of psychological warfare would not be allowed to rust. We hoped that its practitioners and teachers might be put on some sort of reserve list and called back for refresher courses each year or so. Alas, no such thing happened. There apparently is no school of propaganda or psychological warfare. A study at the Pentagon and at the service academies revealed that nothing was being done there. And not one of the four men who attended all the schools has ever been called on to apply any of his knowledge in any way.

Ted Patrick, Editor,
Holiday.

New York, N. Y.

Congratulations on the article "Do We Need a College of Propaganda?" This is one of the most constructive suggestions made in this critical field in years, and I certainly hope it sparks some action.

Philip Lesly.

Chicago, Ill.

LET THE MEDIA CLEAN HOUSE, TOO

Many of us in public relations were flattered that Richard L. Tobin chose to devote his editorial in the March 11 Communications Supplement to the merger of the Public Relations Society of America and the American Public Relations Association.

But some of us are puzzled that the editorial should be titled "PR's Golden Chance to Clean House," especially since he cites only two abuses—both of which

(*Continued on page* 58)

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MOVIE CENSORSHIP:

The First Wedge

By JERRY WALD

RECENTLY the Supreme Court came to a five-to-four decision upholding the right of the Chicago Police Commissioner to require the prior viewing and approval of films before they can be seen by the public. This decision came as a shock to anyone who cherishes the provisions of our Constitution's First Amendment. Indeed, had this same decision involved a book or the contents of a newspaper, I am sure the public outcry would have been loud and long.

Censorship of a book or newspaper would have seemed a more immediate and obvious infringement of our rights of free speech. But because this decision concerned a motion picture (ironically enough, an innocuous Italian opera film of Mozart's "Don Giovanni"), the first ripple of public concern has already vanished. Fortunately, a petition for a rehearing has been filed. The groups that are continuing an aggressive fight against the decision include the Motion Picture Association of America, the National Association of Broadcasters, the Society of Magazine Writers, the American Society of Magazine Photographers, the Authors League, the American Book Publishers Council, and the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

It is, in effect, a backhanded tribute to the unique power of film as a medium of communication that it has been singled out to be censored in this fashion. There is no logical reason for it—but there is, perhaps, an emotional one. People tend to fear the screen's power to convey reality. It is an apprehension that may be only a more sophisticated counterpart of the audience's response in the early days of the movies when they ducked and screamed at the approach of a puffing locomotive.

I think it is safe to say that no other medium of creative expression can compete with the motion picture in its ability to convey reality. And, as long as what is presented is confined to "acceptable" areas of human experience, no objection is raised. But if a film maker ventures to go into areas that have become the stock in trade of today's novelist, he risks having his film refused a Code Seal or censored.

For instance, I plan to make a film based on James Joyce's "Ulysses." The great literary censorship battle of our time was fought over this book in 1933, resulting in Judge Woolsey's decision that it was not pornographic *in intent*. But the same decision may not protect a film version of the book. Perhaps the same censorship battle will have to be refought over the film. We have all heard of the book or play that must be "laundered" for the screen. Strictly in terms of logic, we might ask why this should be necessary. One reason often suggested is that plays and books are more easily kept out of the hands of children. But I believe the true reason relates to the nature of the film medium, and the Supreme Court ruling is only the latest example of this peculiar discrimination.

The validity of local, state, or federal censorship as a means of protecting the citizen against the obscene or salaciously meretricious film (and surely this would be the only justification for it!) can be questioned on a number of grounds. There is an inevitable lack of uniformity in censorship. This, on the face of it, would seem to make the whole idea invalid. Furthermore, there's no such thing as a little censorship; censorship inevitably feeds on itself, and constantly grows and expands into other areas. Rampant censorship becomes a ludicrous spectacle of one group's opinion conflicting with another's, of one man's concept of morality not matching his neighbor's. The only sensible way to deal with the problem of obscenity in films is through the criminal prosecution of the exhibitor rather than prior censorship by a local committee. This, and only this, offers the citizen the dual assurance that he is protected by law against exposure to obscenity, and that he is at the same time guaranteed his freedom to create and speak as he wishes.

Chief Justice Earl Warren, in his eloquent dissenting opinion, warned that if films are censored the next step will be the censorship of books and all mass communications media. He also pointed out: "The Court in no way explains why motion pictures should be treated differently than any other form of expression." I have, of course, suggested an emotional reason for the latter, but this hardly justifies legal realities that involve an infringement of one of our most precious freedoms.

The motion picture industry, aware of the dangers of censorship, began an effort as far back as 1922 to meet the problem with a system of "self-regulation" that involved the creation of the Motion Picture Code. This was a set of basic principles and accompanying specific rules within which producers agreed to work in order to maintain certain standards of decency on the screen. The code has been a source of controversy ever since. Nevertheless, self-regulation has been successful in many respects. It had greatly reduced the number of state and local censorship groups, and it forestalled the then growing possibility of federal censorship. It also has kept out of Hollywood the irresponsible get-rich-quick producers who otherwise would have repeatedly attempted to cash in on sheer sensationalism and pornography. As a producer, I have always been a strong supporter of the Code. In few instances does it prevent one from dealing with any specific subject; rather, it serves as a reasonable guide to the bounds of good taste. The producer who observes

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good taste rarely finds himself in conflict with the Code.

We were able to make the notorious "Peyton Place" and, more recently, "Return to Peyton Place" into films that received not only a Code Seal, but an acceptable rating from the Catholic Legion of Decency. Yet I cannot recall one critic or reader who felt that we had "ruined" or "emasculated" these books.

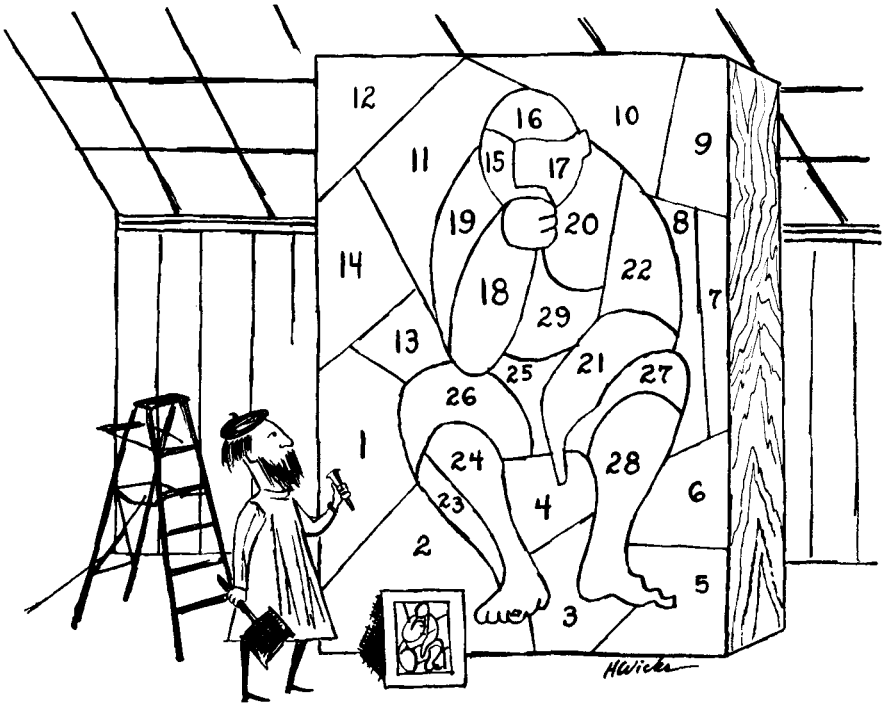
ONE of the main accusations brought against the Code is that it tends to vitiate, in an arbitrary manner, the content of films before they are ever made. Yet the Code has frequently been changed and amended to cope with new problems and the changing attitudes of the times. When provisions pertaining to Prohibition became anachronistic they were promptly removed; in more recent years, the taboos of miscegenation and dope addiction have been deleted. The Code seems to remain the most valid way of dealing with the ever-hovering threat of censorship. Those who argue that it should be scuttled seem to share the irresponsibility of those who would recommend the abandonment of our laws in favor of anarchy. If the production of motion pictures could be left entirely in the hands of responsible, conscientious producers, the Code might be unnecessary. Unfortunately, however, the rejection of the Code would serve as a signal to certain producers unconcerned with moral values, good taste, or the welfare of the motion picture industry to indulge in an orgy of sin, smut, and sensationalism.

The Code is effective because most exhibitors refuse to show films without a Code Seal. Due to the great influx of foreign films, which rarely obtain the Seal, an increasing, but still small, number of exhibitors overlook the absence of it. It remains, nevertheless, a crippling matter financially for an American producer to make a film without a Code Seal, since such a film will be confined in its screenings to a limited number of theatres.

The latest effort to deal with the censorship problem has been the suggestion that we adopt the system of classification used in England, where various local censorship boards place films in three categories: "U"—acceptable for everyone; "A"—suitable for adults, with children under sixteen admitted only if accompanied by an adult; and "X"—suitable for adults only. Unfortunately, the English system of classification causes the same controversies and inequities that censorship in any other form produces. Unscrupulous exhibitors proudly advertise with a wink and a leer "the 'X'iest film in town." When children can't get into an "A" film alone, they solicit strangers to take them into theatres. The responsibility of deciding whether a young person is sixteen or not lies solely with the exhibitor. At best he can often make only a wild guess, which leads him into disputes with customers and occasional run-ins with the police. Furthermore, there are the usual disagreements among various censoring bodies as to what is objectionable and what isn't. This results in anomalies like that which occurred when two local authorities, on opposite sides of the Thames, disagreed about an English gangster film, "No Orchids for Miss Blandish." On one side of the river it was banned; on the other it received an "A" certificate. So the public merely had to cross the river to see the film. This same situation exists perennially in Memphis, Tennessee, where an irascible local city censor has been banning films for years. The whole town simply crosses the river to West Memphis to see whatever he rejects.

THE best solution to the problem of preventing children from seeing unsuitable films depends on parental supervision. Parents should decide what films their children may see. But in order to make this decision intelligently they have to assume the responsibility of keeping themselves informed. Some theatres have been advertising certain films as "Recommended for Adults Only," and this kind of indication can be helpful. Parents can also find recommendations of films suitable for adults and the family in such publications as *Parents Magazine* or the *Green Sheet*, issued monthly by the Motion Picture Association of America. The latter summarizes the opinions of many different groups, such as the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, and the Protestant Motion Picture Council. A voluntary effort on the part of parents to select their films for themselves and their children is obviously preferable to a system of compulsory classification that is only one step removed from censorship itself.

If we want to preserve our freedoms we must accept the responsibilities they entail. Is it too much to expect that parents will guide their children in their movie viewing? Is it too much to ask the citizens of our country to support the films they approve, and refuse to patronize films they don't approve? A reliance on censorship, on a board of "experts" to decide what the public can and can't see, is a disturbing sign. A petition for a rehearing on constitutional grounds of the Supreme Court decision has been filed, and Justice Black, who concurred with Chief Justice Earl Warren in his dissenting opinion, remarked that to have "wiped out the rule forbidding prior censorship of movies . . . leaves the door wide open, if indeed it does not actually invite, prior censorship of other means of publication. . . . I once more deny, as I have found it repeatedly necessary to in other cases, that this nation's ability to preserve itself depends upon suppression of the freedoms of religion, speech, press, assembly, and petition. . . . Only by a dedicated preservation of freedoms of the First Amendment can we hope to preserve our nation and its traditional way of life."



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NEW LOOK IN NEWSPAPER P. R.

By JOHN TEBBEL

TO THE newspaper business, the American Newspaper Publishers Association is an old and respected trade association, representing more than 845 daily newspapers in the United States, Canada, and Puerto Rico. From its meager beginnings in 1887, it has grown to include in its membership newspapers accounting for more than 90 per cent of daily and 94.8 per cent of Sunday newspaper circulation in America.

Like most of its membership, the ANPA is conservative, properly reflecting the contemporary institutional character of the American press. At the closed sessions of the ANPA (from which, incidentally, the working press is barred), publishers are inclined to deplore big government, especially if a Democrat is in the White House; big unions, particularly those that keep boosting publishing costs; and the distressing circumstances that prevent business enterprises from making more money. The ANPA is primarily devoted at its conventions to business problems; the American Society of Newspaper Editors deals with the editorial side.

Occasionally, in its deliberations, the ANPA has worried about its corporate image, like any business that finds itself frequently under fire. But in the past the ANPA has not worried much, even though the exposed position of newspapers in the public consciousness makes the business subject to far more criticism than the garden variety of corporation ever has to endure. The ANPA's reaction to criticism has most often been merely defensive. The more bothersome critics were answered later, editorially. If they had ever been in the newspaper business, they were classified as traitors to the profession that nurtured them; if they had not, they were dismissed as uninformed.

But times have changed, newspapers have changed, and at last the ANPA itself has changed. Under the direction of its able, hard-driving new general manager, Stanford Smith, veteran newspaperman himself, the organization has launched a wide-ranging campaign to correct the misconceptions it fears the public has acquired from both critical and competitive forces.

—*Jack Frey—Lock Haven Express*

Newspapers in the Classroom: " . . . a bold new program."

The newspapers, in truth, have a convincing story to tell. Only a television executive would deny that they are the backbone of the whole communications industry in America; that they are the best hope of creating that informed public without which a democracy like ours cannot ultimately survive. News is the vital link between people and the world they will create or destroy. Whether newspapers are doing all they can to provide that link is open to doubt, but the ANPA correctly argues that it cannot tell its individual members what to print. What it can do is to counteract the impression that the newspaper business is dying as a result of competition from other media and its own problems.

COUNTERING the often heard charge that the American daily is "disappearing," as Oswald Garrison Villard once put it, or "fading," as Carl Lindstrom recently advised, the ANPA retorts that the decline in the number of dailies has been only 10 per cent in the last quarter-century—from 1,950 in 1935 to 1,748 today, a shrinkage no greater and in many cases less than in other businesses. There are fewer banks, food outlets, meat packing plants, clothing manufacturers, and automobile makers in the United States than there were a decade ago, to cite only a few examples. It is theoretically deplorable that the newspaper shrinkage has resulted in a greater number of one-newspaper towns, but more often than not in these instances the result has been a stronger, better, more responsible newspaper. Most dead newspapers have deserved their demise, sad though their expirations may have been for loyal, talented employees.

IN TERMS of circulation and advertising, the newspaper business is undeniably healthy. Despite television's effects on the advertising profits of all competing media, the dollar gain in advertising by newspapers since 1948 has exceeded the total dollar volume of television advertising. National advertising, of course, has been the greatest competitive problem, but publishers believe more aggressive selling will help correct that situation. Moreover, daily newspaper circulation has increased by 52 per cent in the past twenty-five years, while the expanding United States population increased only 40 per cent. Thus circulation is not only

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steadily climbing, but it is keeping pace with the national birth rate, when all the factors involved are reckoned.

Nevertheless, the ANPA fears that the newspaper business, in spite of its health, may be misunderstood by the public, or at least not understood well enough. For decades people got their ideas about the newspaper trade from plays, movies, radio, and television, which perpetuated the stereotypes of the shouting, crusading city editors and the often drunken but handsome reporter who busts rackets and blondes with equal facility. Except for a few hysterical hard cases, nothing remains in the business to justify this image. Indeed, newspapering is no longer the glamour profession it used to be when a young, ambitious kid would work for almost nothing if he could only get into it—and usually did. Television is the glamour girl of this generation in the communications field, combining as it does the excitements of current events and the theatre.

THIS change has been especially noticeable in schools and departments of journalism, where enrollments have been steadily declining for ten years and the curricular emphasis, particularly in the large schools, has been more and more on mass media research and less on professional preparation. As a result, there is a growing shortage of recruits for newspapers (except in New York City, where the supply seems to be perpetual), and publishers have shown increasing concern about it, despite the fact that they themselves are largely responsible for the shortage by reason of maintaining low wage scales in a rising economy, and for years deriding the idea that journalism could be taught. Wages are higher and uninformed opinions have changed, but both events have come late in the day. Serious damage has been done.

To rectify it, the ANPA has devised a bold new program, reaching down into the high-school level and designed to inspire young people to enter newspaper work and to enhance public understanding of the business itself. It is the product of a special ANPA Board Committee set up under the chairmanship of Joyce A. Swan, executive vice president of the Minneapolis *Star and Tribune*. At last year's ANPA meeting, Mr. Swan outlined the committee's plan for a Newspaper Information Service and obtained from the enthusiastic membership $50,000 to run it for two years.

With a young public relations expert named Eugene Gardner as manager, the Service went to work last fall. It has aimed its program primarily at the 67,000,000 young students under nineteen, representing 38 per cent of the population, who will not only be the voters and leaders of tomorrow, but who are also the group from which must come the exceptionally qualified reporters and enlightened publishers the newspaper business will need increasingly if it is to play its proper role in our society.

On the recruitment problem, the Service concludes that any successful program must start at the high school level. Consequently, it has established awards for high school (and college) publications as part of the competitions now sponsored by national and state scholastic press associations.

Moving on an even wider front, it plans to work toward better relations with accredited journalism schools, giving them ANPA information for themselves and the high schools they also serve; to cooperate with the National Personnel and Guidance Association, and newspaper and journalism associations; to establish a program of annual awards that will be given by individual newspapers to the high school student selected as having contributed most to his school paper; to prepare a series of advertisements on newspaper careers for use by individual newspapers; to establish a program that would encourage newspaperboys to seek newspaper careers; to set up a program of internships for high school students; to organize one-day seminars for staffs and faculty advisors of high school publications in conjunction with their local newspapers; and to cooperate with the ANPA's "Newspaper in the Classroom" project. The latter is a highly successful program to make the daily paper a regular classroom tool.

To gain better public understanding of newspapers, the Service envisions a series of newspaper advertisements illuminating the press's contributions to the public information or welfare; feeding information to syndicated columnists; sending out a monthly newsletter to newspaper executives; and following a good many other tested public relations techniques that would carry the ANPA's message through the communications media.

WHETHER this well-planned public relations effort will overcome the effects of years of apathy remains to be seen, but the enthusiasm and the direction are there, and the results thus far are most encouraging to ANPA members. The "Newspaper in the Classroom" idea is gaining momentum. The workshops for high school journalism teachers have been extremely rewarding. The awards program has disclosed and displayed encouraging proof that the talent is available, both at the high school and college level, to be developed into a new wave of recruits. In another decade these recruits ought to make their impact felt on a business that needs some old-fashioned enthusiasm for newspaper making, not only in the city room but in the many other departments of a modern newspaper.

Newspapers may have lost their girlish laughter, but they have grown up considerably in the past half-century. Faced now with the most important and demanding decades in their history, they will need all the young help and public understanding they can get.

"I think he's needling us."

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UNDER FIRE AT THE UNITED NATIONS

By ROBERT SHAPLEN

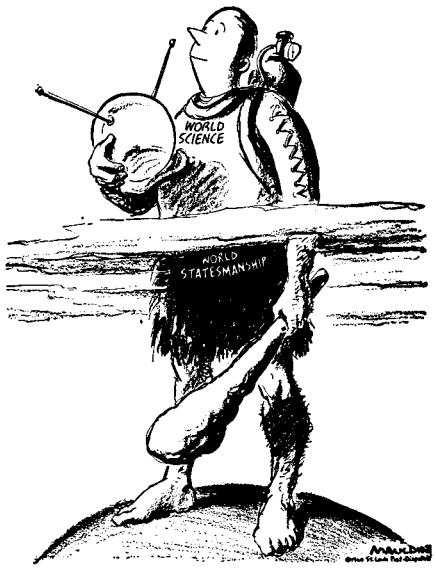
AS A SOURCE of news, the United Nations is enjoying one of its periodic peak periods, thanks to the Congo, Angola, Laos, Cuba, and other crises. The second half of the Fifteenth General Assembly now in progress can't compare, however, to the first half last fall, when a record number of 1,600 representatives of news organizations from sixty-three countries converged to cover the visits of Messrs. Khrushchev, Macmillan, Nasser, Nehru, Tito, Sukarno, Castro, and other heads of state. While that was the U.N.'s gaudiest moment since its birth fifteen years ago, the three or four hundred correspondents now in attendance, most of them year-round regulars, agree that the current session is one of the most critical in the organization's history, and not only because its reputation as a forceful instrument of mediation is at stake. Just as important for its future usefulness is the crisis of strength being waged by the Russians against Secretary Dag Hammarskjold and an inner contest within the Secretariat that notably involves the reorganization and reorientation of the Office of Public Information.

When Khrushchev issued his edict urging nonrecognition of Hammarskjold last fall, and combined it with an attack on the alleged inordinate degree of bureaucratic influence maintained in the U.N. by the Americans, he was adopting an old Communist tactic of divide and conquer. If the Russians can't control an organization, they always stand ready to torpedo it. It seems doubtful they would go that far at the U.N. in flouting world opinion—but "the Khrushchev poison," as one veteran bureaucrat put it, "has now begun to seep through." Morale in the Secretariat is not high and there are rumors abounding of reorganizations in other sections than the OPI, one effect of which, through a process of gradual "de-Americanization," might serve to answer the Khrushchev complaint.

The U.N. may be an international arena, but the atmosphere in its towering glass home on the East River is as parochial as that of a small town, which, in effect, it is. An experienced correspondent there recently described it as "the spookiest place I ever saw." He had reference not only to the political power plays, to the jockeying for influence among the old and new nations, but also to the personal backbiting and rumor-mongering that are endemic in the organization and that make covering it a combination of police reporting and gossip-columning, as well as serious analysis.

The correspondents themselves are currently involved in the behind-the-scenes maneuvering as a result of pending shifts in the Press Services Section, where four key veterans are slated for job shifts under the new OPI regime headed by Tavares de Sá, a Brazilian, and George Ivan Smith, an Australian. The four men include Matt Gordon, the popular head of the press section, who has been at his job since the U.N.'s inception in 1946. Gordon, who a fortnight ago was given a party and a plaque by the U.N. Correspondents' Association in recognition of his services, has been offered the job of running the U.N. information office in Tokyo, which, challenging as it is, is like covering a beat after operating a city room. The other three to be shifted are Len Berry, head of the central news desk, who is supposed to go to Bangkok, and Oscar Faura, a Peruvian, and Norman Ho, both scheduled to go to the Congo.

THE question being asked around U.N. corridors is: how much of what is happening is the result of the Khrushchev attack and how much is simply due to the legitimate sweepings of the new broom brought into OPI by Tavares and Smith? It could, of course, be a combination of both, and it probably is. Although Gordon is to be replaced at headquarters by another American, his influence has been such, in view of his long tenure at the U.N., as inevitably to make his successor a less powerful press figure. Tied to the impending transfers is the knotty revived issue of an official report prepared two years ago which, among other things, would cut down the scope of press services afforded correspondents. In 1958 the pressure of U.N. correspondents, working individually and through their association among delegations, caused the report to die in committee. The correspondents were chiefly against it



—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

"Split personality."

because it would have put the U.N. in the propaganda business around the world—the word "propaganda" was openly used; other stated aims, which were less opposed, were to have men at headquarters moved into the field at intervals and to obtain more geographical representation in the press section. Among those who strongly favored the report at the time was Smith, who recently succeeded Wilder Foote as director of press and publications and consequently as Gordon's direct superior; Foote had strenuously opposed the report. The correspondents generally feel that, while they have no right to interfere with administrative changes, they should protect themselves by assuring that some continuity of press facilities will be maintained. As one fifteen-year veteran put it, "We certainly aren't happy at the prospect of seeing the 1958 report implemented in its original form, and we don't want to be put in the position of buying a pig in a poke by going along with anything the new regime does." Constant conferences are being held by Tavares and Smith, but so far, despite efforts by correspondents to find out, no blueprint of the reorganization has been forthcoming.

The operation Gordon has created and directed at the U.N. is certainly unique in the annals of journalism. It must be regarded in the light of the U.N.'s growth from the early hectic

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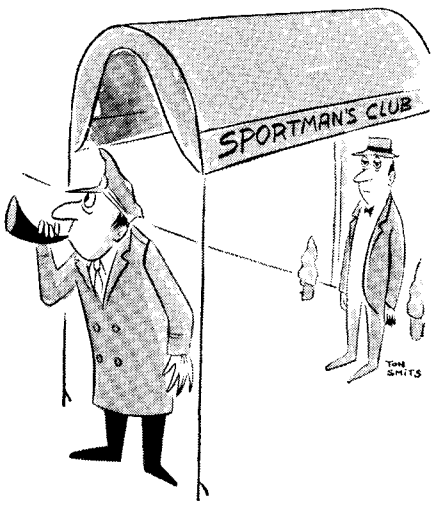
days in 1946, when, after meeting at Hunter College and the Henry Hudson Hotel in Manhattan, it moved to the old Sperry Gyroscope plant in Queens and then to Lake Success. Covering the U.N. in that period was like covering a war, with correspondents dashing madly from front to front in all kinds of political and actual weather. As one of them has recalled, "It was fun because, for one thing, it was the first contact a lot of us had ever had with correspondents from other countries, but it was pretty hard trying to keep track of what was happening. Things were a lot more informal then than now. Warren Austin, the chief American delegate, was even able to give Andrei Gromyko a birthday cake!"

Gordon and his staff in those days had to feel their way and test various systems of helping correspondents cover the news. In 1946, OPI, which also includes a public liaison and distribution division and a radio and visual services division, had a total budget of a few hundred thousand dollars and employed some forty people. In 1959, it had a budget of $5.3 million and nearly 400 employees. About a third of the OPI staff works in press and publications. Back in 1946, even without the modern facilities it now uses, the press division managed to put out a 127-page summary of the General Assembly proceeding six minutes after the last meeting ended. Now, employing every possible modern mechanical device, Gordon's score of workers afford the press more than 3,000 releases a year. With so many meetings going on at the U.N., it is impossible for even the big bureaus to cover anything except the main stories, and, even for these, running texts and summaries are required to supplement the live broadcasts of simultaneous translations of speeches that are piped into the correspondents' quarters on the third floor of the Secretariat building. Official U.N. reporters cover not only the Security Council meetings but also each of the seven U.N. committees when they are in session. Formal briefings on developments offer additional guidance to correspondents, and background material is always available. Aside from the fact that there is less space devoted to day-by-day committee work than there used to be, the big running political stories (e.g., the Congo) are so complicated, and the number of delegates so great, that most correspondents have to spend their time buttonholing delegates in the main lounge, which is undoubtedly the most colorful as well as the largest news-gathering "pit" in newspaper history. A regular correspondent at the U.N. now figures that he has to see at least fifteen spokesmen from the different delegations a day.



ONE of the reasons Gordon has been so popular with all but a handful of correspondents, and also such a powerful influence, has been his willingness to meet their special problems as they arise, from providing space in the third floor "bullpen" for visitors to offering special guidance on stories during slack as well as frantic periods. "In many respects, it's harder when the slack periods set in and there's no news," Gordon says. "The natives get restless; they come to us begging for stories. We have to know their special wants. The interests of the AP and UPI will be world-wide, but Reuters, for instance, will be particularly interested in South Africa; Agence France Presse in Latin America, where it has a large service; the Japanese—and they have become the fastest-growing group at the U.N.—in radiation; the Negro press in African developments of all kinds, and so on. After a while, you get to know where the news is by osmosis. What we really run here is a small school."

How much of this would be continued under the pending reorganization remains a moot point. For most correspondents at the U.N.—the Russians, who work close to their own delegation (although they have just been invited to attend American briefings for the first time), are the major exception—the whittling down of the services of the press division would represent a significant loss. The unfortunate thing about it is that the matter has become intertwined with the larger political attacks being waged against the U.N. by Khrushchev and other Communist spokesmen and with the behind-the-scenes maneuvers of the organization's shifting bureaucracy. This is not the first time correspondents have been in the line of fire, but the current skirmish is an unusual one that bears watching.

Letters

Continued from page 52

he concedes have already been disciplined by PRSA. The only other unethical practice he mentions is "distorting facts for national publication to make a more sensational story," an accusation which is hardly limited to public relations people; after all, great newspaper and magazine circulations have been built on just such flimsy and objectionable techniques.

What, actually, does *SR* consider the abuses we now have such a golden chance to clean from our house? We are the last to deny that faults and excesses exist among our membership, but your editorial does public relations a disservice when it neither hits the nail on the head, nor gives us proper credit for our intentions and actions.

RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.,
Vice President—Public Relations,
Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

THIS IS MY personal evaluation of the article "Public Relations' Golden Chance to Clean House": If the violators were fly-by-nighters, one-night-standers, or the hocus-pocus variety, it would not be overalarming. However, it is amazing how supposedly reputable companies and their agencies, with memberships in professional organizations, bend their ethics to fit their needs. This is written from personal experience for we have had this treatment from one of our competitors. Four years ago, we filed legal action against Competitor X. The suit is still in court and a matter of court record. Yet Competitor X has released publicity to the effect that they not only started the original suit but have filed additional ones. Although this has hurt our marketing operations to a certain extent, we refuse to wallow in the mud with them.

Undoubtedly, a strong code of ethics—and stronger methods to enforce the code—would help to eliminate this type of practice. In the meantime, articles such as yours will give public relations practitioners the opportunity to evaluate their own practices and perhaps to work for a stronger code.

JOSEPH J. GRAVES, JR.,
Director of Advertising
and Public Relations
Sparton Corporation.
Jackson, Mich.

BRAVO!

CONGRATULATIONS on your new by-liners—*more please,* especially from Robert Manning. His use of totally unrelated subjects to sharpen his point is devastating, e.g., "one of the larger Freudian land masses" and "deadline sentinels—David Lawrence and George Sokolsky."

We need this kind of information from Washington and it is generally available but usually from a lesser pen. Good writing is one of the supreme stimulants of life, so let's have more of it.

VIRGINIA P. LANSNER.
Providence, R. I.

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MEMO FROM A LIFELONG EDITOR

RECIPE FOR PANIC

By JOHN LaFARGE, S.J.

THE other day the marquee of our neighborhood movie theatre advertised a film called "I Married a Teen-ager from Outer Space." I didn't get a chance to see it, but the ridiculous title seems to me to raise a significant question about life in America today.

Specifically, I wonder just how much scaring the public can take without developing some form of panic. The movie title, a minor cultural landmark in itself, nevertheless seems to symbolize a process to which we are all being subjected. The question is: Is there a saturation point beyond which our *sang-froid* will begin to weaken?

Current news provides enough items to spark a general demoralization. It is easy enough to list some of them: the international arms race; quietly implacable Communist China; the Cuban confusion and Latin dictatorships; world poverty and economic despair; the as yet unabated series of horrifying accidents, on the highways and in the air; juvenile delinquency and other forms of social decay and relaxation of public morals; the alarms, genuine and fictitious, over the population question; racial and religious hatreds, with their actions and interactions.

Every epoch could make out a fairly respectable list; today we are perplexed that the ease of communication, the developments of mass media, which *ought* to bring reassurance through general enlightenment, achieve precisely the contrary effect, and plant us daily in the midst of physically remote and horrifying events. Indeed, we have developed a taste for dread itself.

Perhaps you shouldn't talk about panic, for its prophecy could be self-fulfilling. Yet a great many people, for a great variety of reasons, are interested in promoting panic, not in allaying it.

Any doubts I might have had on that matter were dissipated a few weeks ago when I received communications from various irate white school patrons in New Orleans, along with transcripts of incredible mental gyrations at a recent TV hearing held in that city. The line was familiar: complete hysteria, panic in full swing, curiously similar to the excitement that prevailed in seventeenth-century Germany during the witchcraft craze, not to speak of later Teutonic events. These alarms one could understand, and in the case of the individual forgive, for the words were presumably written or spoken from some sort of conviction. What did upset me was the knowledge, based upon no small previous experience, that such a panicky state of mind is deliberately promoted by interested parties, and is being systematically circulated around the United States and Canada. Nor is the fear propaganda confined to the Negro-white situation. It fans the flames of religious or class hatred as well. Whether it is of the leftist or the rightiest variety—to use a couple of moth-eaten labels—makes little difference. The coolly calculating eye or pocketbook is interested only in the emotional result.

Honest but shortsighted or prejudiced sources can also nourish panic flames. Panic's pessimism is an easy alternative to starry-eyed hope, especially in such a desperate situation as the present crisis in the Congo. Yet a wise man will tread cautiously between the two extremes of overoptimism and despair.

Sheer panic over Communism, for instance, can be disastrous. Such an alarmist state of mind can paralyze genuine social reform; it provides a handy tool for demagogues. Panic over anti-Communism has, of course, it own pitfalls. Algernon D. Black, in his address at the New York Society of Ethical Culture on July 6, 1960, remarked: "If we are to face the realities of the changing world, we must overcome some of the obsession with Communism," and he cited the demagoguery of Mussolini and Hitler as examples. Yet as Leo Cherne pointed out in a rather sharp critique of Mr. Black's discourse, recently released by Freedom House, New York City, it likewise makes no sense blandly to equate our American shortcomings with the relentless tyranny of world Communism, and thus blind ourselves to very real dangers. As Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy said on "The Great Challenge" TV program for February 6, Communism as a political party does

"The Panic Button is out of order!"

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not present any important influence in the United States, but its unrelenting espionage is a standing threat to the nation.

To know what panic can lead to, we need only review some of the psychological aberrations—on both sides of the Mason-Dixon Line—that led to the outbreak of the Civil War. Today, there are infinitely more grounds for hoping that we can forestall any such calamity than there were a century ago. It is my belief that the panic danger can be met, if, and in so far as, we adopt a systematic and intelligent policy of public confidence—confidence, that is to say, in the ultimate abilities of the very kinds of people who now cause us great anxiety.

I very firmly do *not* believe that such confidence can be conjured up by its mere assertion. One can go around saying that the people of disorganized Africa are, after all, fine fellows, and are sure to solve all their own problems in the end. That may do some good, but it can lead to some bitter disillusions, unless assertion results in painstaking and positive action.

MERE dread is empty and sterile, in national as in local concerns. As Harlan Cleveland writes in "The Promise of World Tensions":

> Dread is always too narrow a base for public support of what the government needs to do. Even in wartime, when the basis for fear is obvious, the American people have had to be moved by positive appeals to hope for a better future. Woodrow Wilson summoned us to make the world safer for democracy. Franklin Roosevelt bade us guarantee the Four Freedoms to all men. . . . The vague and unpredictable things [Hamlet's] Ghost told him did not galvanize him into constructive and useful action; They made him nervous, unpredictable, and, in the end, self-destroying.

It is to the honor of our government that we refused to be panicked by the chain of noisy events at the United Nations, that our response—both at the U.N. and in Washington—was immediate and, above all, precise and positive.

In parallel fashion, in our domestic situation, it can do little good, and may do positive harm, merely to express fine optimism about the new people who move to our more settled and prosperous neighborhoods. A large number of such people are a problem; a few show scant promise of developing into useful future citizens; some of them have been expressly introduced by unscrupulous "J. Crow Realtors" into a closed neighborhood just *in order* to create alarm, forced sales, and flight. These are facts that cannot be passed over lightly.

Racial panic is not just a Deep South product. As Dr. Nathaniel Hurst, distinguished Negro physician of Rochester, New York, reported to the Rochester *Courier-Journal* on February 5 of this year, "Qualified, educated, hard-working colored people with highly skilled and technical jobs offered them by top local industries—balked in their efforts to find a home in good neighborhoods—simply decided not to come to Rochester. . . . And other Negroes, untrained, little educated, and quite content with a lower standard of living, moved in instead, frequently to become problems for themselves and their neighbors."

"Negroes do not necessarily want to move into white neighborhoods," said Dr. Hurst. "All we want is a good home, a good school for our children, and a normal neighborhood of free air and open spaces." Yet he had to search a long time before he could find his present home at 990 Plymouth Avenue, South.

Confidence, an atmosphere of genuine hope, is something that needs to be *built up*, step by step, piece by piece, working from the foundations to the complete edifice. This means, in turn, long and patient labor: the bearing of many a humiliation and disappointment, the sacrifice of personal leisure and privilege. Such a positive policy means then that when panic—

local or international—shows its ugly head, it is met by a barrier of proved realities, by a network of established communications between persons of good will, between competent professional and business connections and trade-union associations, by personal friendships and the habit of serious collaboration.

No one group, no one race, no single national or religious group can set up such a structure by itself. Its construction demands long, careful cooperation.

Neighborhood community councils and housing cooperatives are prosaic operations. They do not make the headlines, as do the disturbing ghetto-spawned demonstrations by various black-nationalist organizations in our large cities. Yet in their humble way these local projects are working toward the elimination of the spirit of racial panic, which is both the effect and the cause of the racial ghetto. On a recent Sunday I attended a housing cooperative meeting of some 100 hard-working men and women at All Saints parish hall in Harlem. I was particularly impressed by their very practical determination to exemplify by their own enterprise the spirit of mutual trust and cooperation.

YET structure, as I see it, is only one aspect, though a decisive aspect, of an effective anti-panic policy. All the collaboration and friendly intercourse in the world can reach only a certain minimum of effectiveness unless its humble and prosaic labor is sustained by a deep conviction about the natural worth, unity, and destiny of the human race itself. To attain to such a positive good, great obstacles and the downward pull of generations of social or cultural backwardness must be overcome. But that is the way our nation was built. If we do not aim at a higher unity we shall have no unity at all, but will be left with a steady disintegration. Our view of man, of his source, of his ultimate triumph, and of the part he plays in an advancing world, settles, in the long run, what kind of hope we can sustain, battle for, make sacrifices for, over a period of time and under great handicaps and obstacles.

In this country, with our pragmatic minds, we are fairly allergic to "the metaphysical," and unhappy experiences with unsuccessful idealists in the past have made us prone to cling to the immediate, the tangible, and to beware of the transcendent ideal.

Yet at the interview in Topeka, Kansas, on March 4, of the two RB-47 fliers, Captains Freeman Olmstead and John R. McKone, according to Austin C. Wehrwein in the *New York Times*, Captain Olmstead said that during his terrifying imprisonment his thought centered most of the time on his family, his home, and the American people. Captain McKone, who was navigator of the flight, said "hope and faith were the biggest things—our faith in God and our faith in our country and our families. They were the things that helped us the most."

As I stated in *America* not long ago, I doubt if the very people—at home or abroad—we are getting so panicky about, are as ready as we are to evade such a capital point. With the "colonialist" bogy still in mind, they are embarrassingly insistent on asking not just *what* we are doing for them, but also *why* we are doing it. When the missionaries, for instance, were seen as mere government agents, they

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were rejected; but when the tangible and earthly benefits of their skilful administration were seen as coming directly from their faith in the one God of all times, people, and nations, they continued to be regarded with respect. The French Benedictine Fathers of Toumliline, in Morocco—who, incidentally, are not missionaries but simply contemplative monks living a holy life in the Muslim Maghreb—are respected by the Muslims, not just for their learning or charity, but mainly because, as genuine Marabouts, they live to honor the common God of all men.

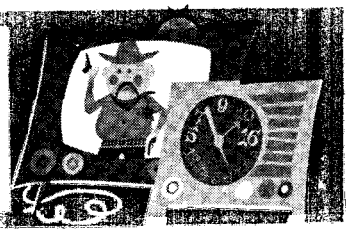
The way to avoid panic, as I see it, is not to keep peering into Medusa's contorted face, but rather to learn from humble and decent people who have succeeded in resisting its fascination, even under great provocation. Such are the Negro people in the South, even in the midst of terrific provocations. Such are an ever-increasing number of patient Southern white people who in turn give heart to the timid and uncertain folk of both races. Such are the men and women, young and old, who are building up a network of communication and hope between the U. S. and the new Africa.

WHY didn't Charlavne Hunter, and her fellow student, Hamilton Holmes, give way to panic when they quietly took their places on the campus of the University of Georgia last January 10? At her visit to New York on March 2, Miss Hunter told me very simply of her innate confidence in the fairness and decency of the university's white students, as well as the justice of her desire for a higher education, and her belief in the protection of the good Lord himself.

Interviewed over Fordham University's radio station, Miss Hunter attributed the support she has received in the South to a "dynamic movement," which, she feels, is very sincere. As for the students at the University of Georgia, she says, "Most of the students are adjusting, and if they are not totally meeting it, they are not resisting in any outward way."

The patriots who refused to be panicked in 1776 and in 1812 kept their powder dry, but they also "praised the Pow'r who has made and preserved us a nation." It seems to me we might follow something of the same recipe today. The powder contains many and complicated ingredients, but we still needs the help of the Power above. And peoples, near and far, who stand low in the ladder of modern wealth and technical progress are much less likely to listen to the Yankee-hater and the fear-monger if they discover that we Americans have not forgotten Him.

Audio/Video



The Economics of Controversy

FROM Hong Kong lately have come two pieces of data bearing on the economics of producing "controversial" television documentaries. The first involves the recent NBC-TV David Brinkley Special, "Our Man in Hong Kong"; the second, the earlier CBS-TV "Report on Hong Kong," written and produced by Stanley Flink, with William Holden as narrator. The hour-long NBC program was shot in color last December in the British crown colony.

Mr. Brinkley and his intention of avoiding cornball travelogue and cliché meshed satisfactorily in the show. There were some "quaint native customs"—impossible to avoid, I suppose—but there were happily no trench coats. The newsman, on camera, looked tall, American, and oddly placed on sampans in his own well-cut suit. This viewer would have preferred Mr. Brinkley's usual, more penetrating, interpretive documentary standards. "Our Man in Hong Kong" was an encyclopedic grab bag of mostly familiar views of the city that are rapidly becoming documentary clichés themselves—the refugee squatters, the bucket-carriers, the changing of the guard, the British cricket players, a funeral, a wedding, and so forth. The narrator's detached, occasionally humorous commentary was agreeable, but the program as a whole added up to a modern Cook's tour, which saw this fascinating city from no single one of its nine hills of Kowloon, from no particular viewpoint. The program, in short, was of the sort that more readily wins sponsors—no grappling with the recognition of Red China, no editorializing, just episodes in the outer eye.

The Brinkley Special had no sponsor, although the network must have tried to sell it. "Report on Hong Kong," however, the earlier CBS hour-long program, boasted two sponsors (Camel and Dristan). Was it less "controversial"? The fact is, it was made a year ago. CBS tried to sell it; at least three sponsors declared their interest in buying; but the show was a long time getting a sponsor. The disturbing factor was the possibility that the program might be misinterpreted as an argument for our government's recognition of Red China. The show took no such editorial position; it merely transmitted the views of Michael Turner, an Englishman and the chairman of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, and of Y. K. Kan, a wealthy Chinese-British solicitor. The standards that writer-producer Stanley Flink set for himself were more trenchant than those of the NBC show. Focusing on three men—Turner, Kan, and Yeung Sum, a refugee carpenter from Red China—he attempted and successfully achieved contrasts that involved the viewer emotionally, and reached deeper levels of understanding and mood. The sharp black-and-white photography was perceptive. There were memorable cross-cuttings—such as the shots of glamorously-hosed legs of rich, Oriental women in the stands at the Jockey Club race track, immediately counterpointed by close-ups of the legs of coolie women tamping down divots where the horses had run.

THE producer was disappointed in what he believed to be "the prevailing poor climate in TV for public affairs programs." He felt that his network had morally obligated itself to the Hong Kong citizens who had participated; that the situation was topical; and that CBS should have put the show on quickly without a sponsor. The bogeyman "controversial" appeared to have triumphed again. The image of the timid, giant, corporate sponsor was reinforced. Apparently CBS, with perhaps $100,000 invested in the filmed program, persevered. I read an as-broadcast script of the show, and nothing, it seems, was cut from the film that I previewed last year. A network representative said that no changes had been made. Camel and Dristan are counter-goods sponsors, the kind that are most vulnerable, allegedly, to unfavorable repercussions due to controversial programs. Two months after the CBS "Report on Hong Kong," no visible ripple has stirred the waters of reaction. No one has stopped smoking or dosing because a British banker and a Chinese lawyer in Hong Kong said on the American air that Red China (with one-quarter of the population of the world) is a "country that cannot be ignored forever."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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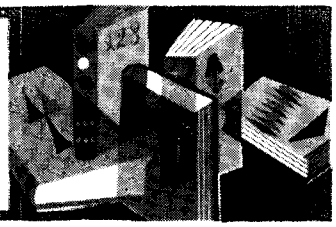
Books in Communications



Onward and Upward

WHAT Machiavelli did for the politician, Castiglione for the man about town, and Casanova for the playboy, has finally been done for the man with the gray flannel brain. **"The S-Man"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3), latest work in the great how-to-do-it tradition, is a deftly satirical guidebook to success in business, with a chilling relevance to Madison Avenue. And, lest any reader wonder just what is meant by success, a definition is offered at the outset: "Roughly speaking, success and money are synonymous."

The author of this popular heresy is "Mark Caine," a pseudonym that will no doubt touch off a lively little guessing game. Just who is Mark Caine? While the publishers are not revealing the answer, your obedient sleuth was able to discover that there are in fact two authors, one an editor in a British publishing house, the other a British writer. Beyond that, their identity is anyone's guess. Whoever they may be, however, their book is filled with some wonderfully wicked advice, offered in an urbane and witty style that will remind readers of both Stephen Potter and C. Northcote Parkinson.

The S-Man, the person totally bent on success, is not to be confused with the talented man, the authors make clear. "The man of talent," they write, "is limited by the fact that his talent is for something. The S-Man has no such limitation, since he has no specific talent." Rather, the S-Man is "the electricity that thrills society." Even as a beginner, he is never awed by his superiors, but regards them privately as members of his personal staff, people who can help him in his ascent. If he is unable to land a specific job, it is not he who has failed but the prospective employer: "Why should you feel depressed or humiliated when *he* has failed? . . . There are millions of 'bosses.' There is only one you."

As he develops, the S-Man is sustained by his knowledge of the principles of success. "Most people," the authors write, "believe that business is business, with the hidden suggestion that what is not business is not business. Only the S-Man appreciates that everything is business, and that the best business is done when business is no longer being done." He also carries in his mind such advice as: "Keep smiling. Until you reach the top you cannot afford the luxury of moods. The only exception is that you may find it necessary to weep when parting from someone of whom you are anxious to rid yourself."

All this is close enough to the truth to sting—and sting it already has. In England, where publication of "The S-Man" preceded U. S. publication, reviewers reacted with shudders of distaste. The *Daily Express* called it a "nasty little book"; the *Sunday Dispatch,* an "appalling guide to living";

—From the book.

S-Men in action — advice for the gray flannel brain.

the *Daily Mail,* "chillingly diabolical . . . callously cynical and loathsome"; the *Spectator,* the "nastiest, grubbiest book . . . in some time." Although these comments suggest that some reviewers may have had difficulty in distinguishing satire from seriousness, the fact remains that "The S-Man" is, in its way, a shocking book. What is shocking about it is that its prescription for success, in certain corners of American society, will unquestionably work.

LIMITED EDITION: It takes a good deal more than memory to write notable memoirs. In **"How to Be One Yourself"** (Barnes, $3.95), Gene Coughlin reminisces about his thirty-odd years as reporter, rewrite man, and columnist for a number of newspapers, including the Los Angeles *Daily News,* the Chicago *Herald-American,* the Los Angeles *Herald,* and the *American Weekly.* He recalls his encounters with Aimee Semple McPherson, Albert Einstein, Charles A. Lindbergh, Jerry Giesler, and a miscellaneous carnival of city room characters. This would appear to be the stuff colorful anecdotes are made of, but somehow very little of it comes off. Despite an occasional flicker of fun, Mr. Coughlin's prose is generally labored and bloodless, and his stories are loose, meandering, and often all but pointless. To the book's credit, however, is at least one notable achievement. It vividly points up, by contrast, the startling beauty and the richly nostalgic tone currently to be found in the reminiscences of another newspaperman: the late Gene Fowler's "Skyline."

FEVER CHART: A health report on that supersalesman of the American economy, the printed word, is given in **"Reality in Advertising"** (Knopf, $3.95), a study by Rosser Reeves, board chairman of the Ted Bates agency. His diagnosis suggests that advertising, while generally robust, too often suffers from inflammation of the rhetoric, flabbiness of the headline, and low blurb pressure. A champion of the hard sell, Mr. Reeves argues that too many advertising campaigns lack real persuasive impact.

If an advertisement is to get its foot firmly in the door, it must, in Mr. Reeves's view, have what he calls a USP—a Unique Selling Proposition. It must offer something no other product appears to offer, whether or not any genuine difference exists. If one product is identical with another, he writes, "it is possible to tell the public something about that product which has never been revealed before. This is not a uniqueness of the product, but it assumes uniqueness, and cloaks itself in uniqueness, as a claim." He cites some impressively effective selling messages in this category: "It's Toasted," "Gets Rid of Film on Teeth," "Stops B.O.," "Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth"—all of them claims that could just as validly have been made by other advertisers.

The trouble with much of today's advertising, Mr. Reeves writes, is that the use of that powerful tool, the USP, "is becoming almost a lost art . . ., more honored in the breach than in the observance." Instead of relying on this proven advertising principle, "most advertising men . . . are still necromancers at heart. They . . . believe in ghosts. They listen to voodoo drums, whisper magic incantations, and mix, in their potions, eye of newt and ear of frog."

This is a book that will prove controversial. It will anger many admen and alarm many laymen. But as an expression of one point of view in advertising, it's as clear and forceful an argument as has appeared in some time.

—JAMES F. FIXX.

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CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion 55¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 47¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 49¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 51¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 53¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Avenue (at 79th Street), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED (ELECTRIC). Intelligent, personal attention. Editing. Mid-Manhattan. SChuyler 4-5520.

GRAPHICS—Charts, layouts, illustrations for reproduction; visuals, exhibits. Reasonable, conscientious. STUDIO ARTS, Box 1311, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

BOOKS

THE PAPERBACK BOOKSELLER — "If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 147 Front Street, Hempstead, N. Y. We pay postage.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, North Wantagh, New York.

AMERICANA. Literature, History, Fiction. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Avenue, Pelham, New York.

SEND FOR free remainder book catalogue. All subjects. National Book Company, 565 Fifth, NYC. MUrray Hill 2-3908.

SOCIALIST BOOKS. Catalogue, literature, FREE. New York Labor News Company, Dept. X, 61 Cliff Street, NYC 38.

SAVE TO 83% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, IRD-5435 Upland Way, Philadelphia 31.

BOOKS ABOUT ASIA—ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12th Street, New York 3, New York. Free Catalogue S.

FREE . . . CATALOGUE of Travel Books. Visiting England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales? Read "Let's Halt awhile," by Ashley Courtney, $3.50. British Book Centre, 122 East 55th Street, NYC 22.

CHINA AND The United Nations. Read Felix Greene's interview with China's Premier Chou En-lai in "China Reconstructs," No. 1, 1961. Also Mme. Sun Yat-sen on the "Hope of Mankind." Send 50¢, stamps acceptable, to: China Books and Periodicals (Licensed U.S. Importers and Distributors), 334 West Schiller Street, Chicago 10, Illinois. Write for our free catalogue listing 250 titles of books and periodicals in English imported from China.

FREE BOOK. Your subject. Catalogue 10¢. Wilson, 536 South 3rd East, SLC, Utah.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 60¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE — many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

LOCATE ANY BOOK. No obligation. Aardvarks Booksearchers, Box 668, San Diego 12, California.

CAN'T GET IT? We'll find it and fast. BEACON HILL BOOKSELLERS, 84 Charles Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

BOOKS LOCATED—any subject. Put our vigorous search service to work! You'll like our prices and fast, no-obligation service. BOOKMARK, 51K Walnut, Mt. Clemens, Michigan.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

PERSISTENT SEARCHING gets results. Satisfaction guaranteed. Trading Post, Room 4, Lisbon, New Hampshire.

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH, 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis 7, Tennessee. We will find the book you want.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

BIBLIOPHILES: World Wide Research — Immediate Quotations. Try me first! John Friend, Bookfinder, Box 2570, Long Beach 1, California.

ART

ANNOUNCING THE FAR GALLERY PRINT COLLECTORS' CLUB. A new idea enables collectors with modest budgets to acquire original works of art. Ask for descriptive folder. FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Avenue, New York 21.

JAPANESE HANDMADE PAPER. Descriptive catalogue with samples, $1.00. IIS, CPO Box 1539, Tokyo, Japan.

OUTDOOR PAINTING—Peaceful Vermont. Request folder: Jay Connaway, N.A., Dorset 5, Vermont.

FRIENDLY Little Art School in quaint TAXCO. Individual instruction. Inexpensive living and tuition. Bilingual teachers. TAXCO SCHOOL OF ART, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico. Brochure.

THE DRAWING SHOP. Original drawings and sketches from the 16th to the 19th century. 45 Christopher Street, New York 14, New York. WAtkins 9-7265.

SUMMER IN MEXICO—Arizona Art Workshop will offer a summer workshop in Painting, Media, and Design in Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico. June 26th through July 21st. Brochure. Fred Cahill, 702 North Central Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona.

INSTITUTO DE ARTE COZUMEL. Paint and study with Mexican and American masters on exotic Cozumel Island, Mexico. Summer Session June 15th-September 15th. Inexpensive tuition and living. Information: Harold Michelson, 19 West 44th Street, New York 36, New York, OXford 7-9146.

RECORD MART

78 R.P.M. RECORDINGS, 1902—'50, sold. Free list. Collections bought. E. Hirshmann, P.O.B. 155(A), Verona, New Jersey.

RECORD list. Outstanding selections. Many out of print items. Specify classical or jazz. Record Centre, Dept. SSA, 41 West 8th Street, NYC.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. *Italian Publishers, Times* Tower, New York 36.

FRENCH AND POLISH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1002 Times Tower, New York 36.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS—Stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

LANGUAGES

FREE TRIAL—European Spanish, American Spanish, French, German, Russian, Italian, Modern Greek, any of 34 languages. Outstanding native linguists give you authentic pronunciation fluency in 20 minutes a day. Speak, read, write, with Linguaphone. The World's Standard Conversational Method. Try complete course FREE, no obligation. For details, write, call: Linguaphone Institute, South Mezzanine, 54 RCA Building, New York 20. CIrcle 7-0830.

COLLEGES

PACKER—A two-year college for women, granting A.A., A.A.S. degrees. Fully accredited. Liberal arts, fine arts, pre-nursing, laboratory training, pre-business, secretarial, child development, dramatics. Established 1845. Catalogue. The Packer Collegiate Institute, 174 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn 1, New York. TRiangle 5-6644.

COLOR SLIDES

SENT ON APPROVAL! Travelers, complete your collection—order the scenes you missed—as good as your own most beautiful originals. Order from 7,300 Wolfe Hi-Fi 35 mm Slides in Living Color. Make your selection, return the others. Agra to Zurich, we have the slide, including 42 exclusive slides of Oberammergau Passion Play, also title and map slides. Send 25c today for the big, new 7th edition Wolfe 72-page *color catalogue. You'll be delighted with its 300* slide reproductions of important scenes—28 in full color! Wolfe Worldwide Films, Dept. 741, 1657 Sawtelle Boulevard, Los Angeles 25.

FOR THE GOURMET

VOLUPTUOUS VICTUALS, VERILY! Maine seafoods, spreads, dips, soups, entrees. Vociferate ineluctably at your esculents purveyancer for "Atlantic" Brand. Consummately tinned! Look Canning, Cutler, Maine.

HOBBIES

103 DIVERSIFIED British Empire stamps, 10¢. Approvals. Niagara Stamps, St. Catherines 513, Ontario.

PERSONALS

ANCIENT ART OF DYEING modernized by craftsmen to redye your rugs, drapes and garments. Duffen Dyers, Portsmouth, Virginia.

HISTORICAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—For free catalogue write Wayne J. Anderson, 545 West 111th Street, NYC 25.

PUTTING OFF learning to speak a second language? Why not decide now to investigate our audio-visual programs in French and Russian for beginners, mutes and brusher-uppers? TAVOR LANGUAGE CENTER, 262 Fifth Avenue. New York 1. MUrray Hill 3-3352.

"GO!"—ANCIENT JAPANESE STRATEGIC GAME. Challenges professors; intrigues children. $5.50. Classic Games, 2481 Davidson Avenue, NYC 68.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77th Street, NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc., Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd St., NYC. 16.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail prices! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. *Money-back guarantee. Write for free* illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer free travel, high salaries. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" describes all possibilities Europe, Africa, Asia, Latin America—administrative, teaching, secretarial, professional, aviation, technical, newspaper, etc. Full details on conditions, requirements. Includes "Directory of American Companies Abroad"—Original, most complete booklet also covers employment agencies, government careers overseas, international organizations. Money-back guarantee. $1.00. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York.

BETWEEN ENGAGEMENTS? Temporary office jobs—stenographers, typists, clerks. If you can work three to five days a week in midtown Manhattan, come in and make your plans with us. Accredited Office Service, Room 3018, 60 East 42nd Street, NYC.

(Continued on page 64)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 63)

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, interesting method. PLaza 3-7092 NYC.

GOT A GOOD mail order item? Promote it profitably through Jack P. Felton Advertising Agency, 55 West 42nd Street, New York 36. WIsconsin 7-1978.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free Catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING!" Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Catalogue, details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-JJ, Olympia, Washington.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, etc. List for stamp. Temple, Box S-549, Mason City, Iowa.

CRABTREE MOVERS, LTD. Prompt, efficient, courteous. Moving, packing, storage. GRamercy 5-2421 NYC.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues Issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street. NYC 22. ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

GRAND 14 NATION TOUR of Europe including Hungary, Yugoslavia and Berlin; 18-day Scandinavia by de luxe Motorcoach and daylight cruise of Norway's incredible fjords; Chateaux of the Loire, Normandy, Brittany, Basque Country, Spain, North Africa, Andorra; plus 18 other imaginative off-the-beaten-trail adventures to seldom-seen lands are illustrated in new, 56-page Maupintour travel book. Ask your Travel Agent for your free copy or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City. No obligation.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 18 East 76 St., NYC 21.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT AND STUDY OPPORTUNITIES. New comprehensive directory covers opportunities for teachers, scholars, librarians, administrators and professionals throughout the world. Sections on fellowships and scholarships, teacher exchange programs, governmental careers, international agencies, American and foreign companies, student opportunities abroad, summer positions, etc. Only $1.00. Money-back guarantee. Covington Distributors, Box 704-F, Camden 1, New Jersey.

IT'S SPRING CLOTHES TIME . . . we have some interesting cottons for you to be working on. Like samples? Carol Brown, Putney 10, Vermont.

AUTHENTIC SPANISH BULLFIGHT POSTERS 1¾ x 3½ ft. Two for $3. Research Publications, Box 305-A, Wall Street Station, NYC 5.

FINE CLASSIC GUITARS AND LUTES: The "HOFNER" from West Germany and the "CORDOBA" from Spain. Shipped on approval. Also older individual works of world famous Spanish masters. Write for particulars. Locker's—importers, 21 South 18th Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE helps you choose the best new recordings and high fidelity equipment. Half price introductory offer: 15 months for $3.75. Pay later. 8585 Publishing House, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS—and economically. Insured household moving, packing, and storage. Vans and station wagons—local, long distance. THE PADDED WAGON, INC., ALgonquin 5-8343 NYC.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AND INSTITUTE, July-September. Hamlet, Henry IV, All's Well, MSND, in rotation. Institute offers college credits, scholarships; auditors allowed. Address "Shakespeare," Ashland, Oregon.

TIES. Pictures, or sent on approval. Limited edition designs, handwoven wool, unique construction. Subtle patterns; black, charcoal, brown; narrow; signed Laya Brostoff, artist weaver. $2.60. No C.O.D. Telaya Ties, Box 2883, Hollywood 28, California.

EXOTIC CIGARETTES. Sampler of ten different packs, five countries. $3. Free catalogue of foreign tobaccos. Cigaretteport, 20 Southmountain, Millburn, New Jersey.

PERSONALS

GEORGETOWN-FRIBOURG COURSES. Georgetown University Summer School has arranged for graduate and undergraduate courses to be given at the University of Fribourg, Switzerland (July 17th to August 25th) which will meet American College credit requirements. For information write to Director, Summer School, Georgetown University, Washington 7, D.C.

HANDMADE CHRISTMAS CARDS. New designs. Original serigraphs. Samples $2.50. Velligan, 905 St. Thomas, Cahokia, Illinois.

AN EVENING With Orson Bean, Nichols and May, Henry Morgan, Tom Poston, others. Benefit New York Committee to Abolish Capital Punishment. Sunday, April 16th, Stephen Wise Synagogue Ballroom, 30 West 68th Street, NYC. Contribution $7.50. Tickets from New York Committee to Abolish Capital Punishment, 2 West 64th Street, NYC 23. Information MUrray Hill 8-6814. Help Abolish The Death Penalty.

I WANT old insurance policies. Send details to Cameron Brown, 175 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Illinois.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import Dolmetsch. Purcell. $5, $7.50 up! Student Special, Corelli $3.95; Recorder Music. Methods, Guitar Music. Free catalogue, 4-1-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

FIRST CHOICE for successful retirement living, with assured health care. Let yourself live with independence and security in the new Crestview apartments. A rare value with many benefits. Write today —Crestview, Harroun Road, Sylvania—Toledo, Ohio.

FRENCH BY PARISIENNE (Sorbonne University). Expert training. Conversation. Recordings. Manhattan. TEmpleton 8-3988.

PHYSICIAN-COUPLE seeks intelligent, experienced cook-housekeeper governess (boys 3, 5). Permanent position. High salary. References. Own room. Box S-21.

HUMANISM—The Unifying Movement For Free Minds! Ethical, humanitarian; nonpolitical, nonsupernatural. Interested? American Humanist Association welcomes you; local chapters, publications. Send $1 for 3 month trial membership, or $5 for year, to: American Humanist Association, Dept. SR1, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest monthly journal of authentic permanent and summer positions sent directly to us for teachers, students, librarians, scientists, administrators, etc. Includes graduate awards, part-time work, etc. Used by hundreds of colleges since 1952. NOT just a list—includes specific jobs open NOW. Send $1.00 for current issue. Guide, "How to Write an Effective Resume," 50¢ or FREE with a yearly subscription $5 (10 issues). ADVANCEMENT INSTITUTE, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, New York. Money-back guarantee.

OFFER VALUABLE experience establishment college library from scratch (wife), extensive experience theatre direction (husband). Package deal, please. Box S-41.

WRITER, TEACHER, advertising man, administrator, Psychology M.A., seeks permanent engagement. Available end of June. Original ideas, energetic, mature, thoroughly dependable. Box S-88.

WANTED: Single man interested in working in rural community dedicated to rehabilitation of mentally ill. Stability, understanding, warmth essential. Box S-224.

NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE—Today's college writing. $2.00 yearly. Whig Hall, Princeton, New Jersey.

EXPERIENCED WRITER, teacher, female, 26, wants summer work east coast. Degrees Stanford, Edinburgh. Capable, imaginative. Box S-230.

DAKOTA TERRITORY CENTENNIAL Newspaper Edition. Postpaid at $1.00 per copy: Centennial Edition, Box 734, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

YOUNG MAN seeks interesting European position. Newspaper background. Box S-98.

MATURE WOMAN, M.A., college residence counselor, desires light work July, August. Box S-205.

PERSONALS

HIGH IN COLORADO ROCKIES, Aspen School of Contemporary Art: paint, draw, sculpt full 10-week session, or weekly. Artists-in-Residence Edward Dugmore, Larry Day, Francois Stahly, Yvonne Thomas, Guests. Write for Summer now: G. Price, Director, 119 East 10th Street, New York 3, New York.

EARTH-COLORED IRISH TWEEDS, handwoven, tough, 29" wide; gorgeous colors too. Carol Brown, Putney 11, Vermont. Order a glorious purple Irish sweater.

TWO GRADUATE students seek summer opportunities beyond ordinary ken. Box S-217.

WANTED: Talented volunteers to help organize effort in New York for organization working for a world at peace under law. LExington 2-2994, Box S-85.

EX-MARINE, devoted to the cause of freedom, for hire. Consider anything, anywhere. Box S-94.

ROMANCE LANGUAGE, German Professor (almost Doctorate), 47, invites teaching offers. International background. Three years in present position. Available June 15th. Box S-227.

ASSISTANT PROF., Ph.D. Philosophy, 30, seeks position with NYC publisher. Box S-83.

GERMAN GIRL, College junior, seeks summer position in family. Box S-243.

YOUNG MAN, 30, experienced traveler Orient, desires round trip transportation Orient. Box S-237.

PROFESSIONAL MAN seeks summer employment for self, three teen daughters. Experienced butler, staff. Work separately; prefer working together. Box S-209.

DAYDREAMER seeks job dreaming in Berkeley, California, area. Box S-241.

TEACHER, TUTOR, male, 35, licensed purser, multilingual, desires summer employment with interested party traveling to Europe. Excellent business experience. Box S-207.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL, 25, B.A., shorthand, radio-TV-newspaper experience, bilingual, desires interesting employment abroad. Box S-100.

LOVE FUN, will travel. Male, 28, B.S. Business Administration, M.A. Interior Design, speaks German. Consider anything, anywhere. Box S-234.

ANTIQUES RESTORED, paintings renewed, unique necklaces. V. Winston, 269 South 11th Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania. WAlnut 5-7159.

TEACHER, young, female, desires position Europe or California. Experienced. Box S-203.

PROFESSIONAL RESUMES by mail. IBM electric offset printed. Resume Institute, 51 O'Farrell, San Francisco.

CONNECTICUT. Woman author offers large room, private bath on farm. Excellent food, quiet, charm. Woman preferred. Box S-211.

YOUNG MAN desires employment Man Friday, houseboy, secretary, bookkeeper. Educated, competent, talented. References. Box S-39.

SECONDARY ENGLISH TEACHER, 3 years experience, Dramatics, Journalism, desires change. Box S-49.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 12,000 authentic jobs in the U.S. and abroad for Students, Teachers, Librarians, Writers, etc. Includes earning FREE trips to Europe. NOT just a list—includes specific job data, salaries. Summer jobs are filled early—don't miss out. Regular price $3, rush only $2.50 for the 1961 SUMMER JOB DIRECTORY. Used in over 1,500 colleges since 1952. FREE resumes given with first 100 orders. SUMMER DIRECTORY, 169 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, New York. (Add 25¢ Regular Mail, add 50¢ First Class). Also for Teen-Agers—"99 WAYS TO EARN MONEY DURING THE SUMMER," 50¢. Money-back guarantee.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY would like to buy Hawaiian Almanac for the years 1877, 1878, 1882, 1937, 1942, 1949, 1958.

SUMMER JOB abroad sought. '61 college graduate, male, General Business major. Box S-240.

MALE, 29, seeks position Manhattan. Antique or decorating shop. Box S-219.

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

HEAD LIBRARIAN—Graduate with experience in public library work necessary. Hoyt Library, Kingston, Pennsylvania. Write qualifications and for personal interview. Box S-36.

COPY EDITOR. Career opportunity for experienced copy editor to work on important hard back line. 2 years experience copy editing juveniles, fiction and non-fiction required. Madison Avenue headquarters of major publishing house. Submit resume and salary required. All replies confidential. Box S-90.

SCIENCE EDITOR. Prominent New York publishing house offers wonderful opportunity for man with a strong science background plus teaching experience in elementary or high school. Expanding division Madison Avenue headquarters. Send complete resume including salary requirements to Box S-222.

GEOGRAPHY TEXTBOOK EDITOR. Unusual opportunity in fast growing textbook line—ELHI level for man with strong background in geography and preferably a master's degree. 5 years teaching experience in elementary or high school plus editorial and/or selling experience. Exciting new division in major publishing house—Madison Avenue headquarters. Send resume in confidence indicating salary requirements. Box S-201.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

HISTORIC VERMONT MANSION. Marsh House, tree-shaded avenue, Brandon. 1850 Roman Revival, 11 bedrooms, 5½ baths, carefully modernized, magnificent Queen Anne ballroom, gardens, tennis, pond, meadows. Pictured "Old Vermont Houses," Congdon. $44,450. Box R-699.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD (Gay Head). Charming old house on Sound; private beach, furnished 7 rooms, 2 baths, electricity, heat, views. 1½ acres, near ocean. $23,500. Box R-998.

VERMONT COUNTRY PLACES—Lake, Mountain and Meadow; build, remodel, or move in. Ray Holway, Realtor, Rutland, Vermont.

LIVE IN a stimulating community! Modern Community Developers offers homes in well planned, intelligently integrated communities in Philadelphia area; Princeton, New Jersey; Waterbury and Stamford, Connecticut; Wilmington, Delaware. Co-op apartments available in Riverdale, Brooklyn and Bronx, NYC. Write M.C.D., 84 Nassau, Princeton, New Jersey, or phone Stuart Wallace, Princeton. WAlnut 4-0701.

PROVINCETOWN, CAPE COD. Charming waterfront Inn. Private beach, sundecks. Completely equipped. Also suitable large summer home and studio, or conversion to apartments. ALgonquin 5-2517 NYC, write Box S-97.

CANADA—Retirement or vacation home. Superb fishing and hunting. Attractive frame structure on hillside. 7 rooms, 3 bedrooms, sleeps 8, 1½ bathrooms. Woodburning fireplace, hot water, electricity. Completely furnished. Walking distance of Wolf Lake, near stores. Taxes $40. Price $7,000. Box S-226.

For Rent—Furnished

WILMINGTON, VERMONT: Charming, secluded. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths. Nestled in spruce, large natural swimming pool, beautiful views, balcony over mountain stream, fireplace. May through November, $150 month plus utilities. Call PLaza 5-1093 NYC evenings, write Box S-214.

For Rent—Unfurnished

COLONIAL: 4 very modern large rooms, center 1,000 acre estate. $35 month. Rheinstrom, Hillsdale, New York.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

FAIRFIELD COUNTY, Connecticut, seashore town. Not far from boats, beach, tennis, stores, railroad station, one hour NYC. 9 rooms, 2 baths, plus porch, terrace, playroom, fenced yard, all kitchen appliances. July. $500. Box S-75.

NANTUCKET—Choice furnished apartment. Ideal location, quiet, heated. Season. Box R-976.

ASPEN. Summer chalet for 4-6 with car, $20 day; top music festival, glorious mountains. Write Everett Millard, 4030 Irving Park, Chicago, Illinois.

CAPE COD COTTAGES. Seasonal to bimonthly. $350-$800 monthly. Covering several seashore towns. Reserve early for best choice. Nauset Summer Rental Center, Orleans, Massachusetts. Phone 552.

ITALIAN RIVIERA—Diano Marina. Near San Remo. English owned converted villa—one apartment living room, double bedroom, bath, kitchen $240 monthly; other apartment living room, dining room, 2 double bedrooms, 2 baths, kitchen, garden $400 monthly. Fully, delightfully furnished, linens. Will rent villa as unit or separate apartments. Occupancy May 1st end September. References required. Box S-95.

2 HOURS NEW YORK on lake. 40' living-dining room, fireplace, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths. Golf, tennis or complete privacy. Ideal for children. Private Club. $500 July. Box S-228.

ORLEANS, CAPE COD. Two neat rustic cottages. Privacy. All conveniences. On salt river, view over salt pond. 2 bedrooms, sleeps 5, July $275; 1 bedroom but sleeps 4, minimum rental 2 weeks at $125. Rockwell, ORleans 1096.

NOVA SCOTIA, SOUTHERN. Overlooking sea. Private summer home. All conveniences. Ideal artist, writer, professor. Season only. Photographs. Also guest house mile away. Weekly. Box S-89.

LONG ISLAND, Great South Bay, on cove opposite Moriches Inlet. Dock, garage, 1 acre wooded, 1 mile East Moriches center. Enclosed porch, 2 bedrooms, all facilities. $750 season. Box S-213.

CHARMING SOUTHERN VERMONT schoolhouse. Fully furnished. Large living room, fireplace, convenient kitchen, indoor bath, 2 bedrooms. Tennis and swimming nearby. $250 month. Box S-229.

EASTHAMPTON studio cottages near water. $350 season. PLaza 1-3482 NYC weeknites.

ON NANTUCKET MOORS: 1820 farmhouse, spacious, modernized, fully equipped. Garage. Secluded; near shore. $1,200 full season, $650 half. Box S-232.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Lakes region. Small modern house, suitable two people. Small town, wooded residential area, cool. Half hour to Franconia Notch, Lake Winnipesaukee, Squam, Newfound. June 20th-September 1st, $250. Box S-235.

ARLINGTON, VERMONT. Comfortable, quiet apartment. Porch, maples, sunset view. Adults. Box S-238.

HOUSES WANTED

RUSTIC weekend retreat. Proximity Baltimore. Mountains and water. Box S-233.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

PENTHOUSE-MIDTOWN—NYC. Sleeps two. Terrace, view. Air-conditioning. April 15th-October 15th. YUkon 8-1864.

SUBLET: Floor through apartment, Murray Hill, NYC. Time, terms flexible. Box S-99.

MAGNIFICENT remodeled Victorian furnished upper flat. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, electric kitchen. Pacific Heights. June 20th-September 5th. $1,200. J. P. Kahn, 3259 Clay Street, San Francisco.

APARTMENTS WANTED

Furnished

CHICAGO—North Shore area, by cultured executive and wife. House or apartment, several months. References. Box S-242.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ISLAND—2½ acres, beautiful, wooded, southern New Hampshire lake. Old rustic two-story lodge, furnished. New piazza, extra cottage. Bath, electricity, boats. $16,000. Easton, Apache Junction, Arizona.

FRIENDSHIP, MAINE. 30 acres, house, barn. $5,250. Box S-216.

SIERRA HAVEN—Income property, 160 acres, 5 furnished houses, all conveniences, 7,000 altitude, 40-mile view, big pines. Sky Meadow Ranch, Box 295, Bishop, California.

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RAWDON, QUEBEC. 50 miles from Montreal. Lots on and near beautiful Lake Brennan.. **ALSO LOTS** in growing suburban area of Montreal, Quebec, for investment. 10% down, 24 months, no interest. Holden Realty, 3125 Maplewood Avenue, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

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THE APPEL FARM, Art and Music Center for Children, is a unique combination of fun—arts—farm life—family life. Exclusive group. Ideal for first time campers. Attractive brochure. Write Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. 36th year. Boys 7-18. 5 age groups. Near Old Forge. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, New York.

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VACATIONS

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COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate: luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

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IN FT. LAUDERDALE, take FRENCH LEAVE. Efficiencies, bedroom apartments. TV. Pool. Public beach. Free Color Brochure. Write: FRENCH LEAVE, 4228 Ocean Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

(Continued on page 66)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 65)

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. For 1961 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

HERITAGE HILL — Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Open fires, snug beds, food aplenty. Brochure.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

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OFF-THE-BEATEN-TRACK nearby resorts. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

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HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $15.60 double occupancy. American Plan. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

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POCONOS. Outstanding studio housekeeping units. Beautiful estate. Write for informative brochure. The Robbins Farm, Saylorsburg, 6, Pennsylvania.

THE FALES. Berkshire Hills. Cottages, fireplaces. Excellent food. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

HIRAM BLAKE CAMP on Penobscot Bay, Cape Rosier, Maine, announces 45th Consecutive Season. Cottage resort on American Plan. Nature-loving, sea-going. Cruiser, island lobster picnics, sailing, fishing, seabathing, trails, hiking. Comfortable, economical, and good Maine food. Descriptive literature.

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ONE GULL to another gull: "Will that New Jersey family make it for the June 25th opening?" New Modified American Plan. Write: Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit #2, Maine.

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GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

OUR COLOR FOLDER will tell you why. Write Forty Acres Inn, Pike, New Hampshire.

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MAINE'S Vacation Island. De luxe housekeeping cottages for rent, $55-$75 weekly. Special rates for honeymooners. Lloyd Pendleton, Islesboro, Maine.

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VACATIONS

THERE'S A SMALL HOTEL of which we'd like to tell . . . it's ten nicely nautical miles at sea on an Island in Time. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. June-September.

GUESTS—Tanglewood area, accommodate 5. Secluded. Details on request. Brickhurst, Canaan, New York.

FISHING-FEVER VICTIMS—Write Libby's Camps, Spednic Lake, Vanceboro, Maine.

TRAVEL

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1411

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

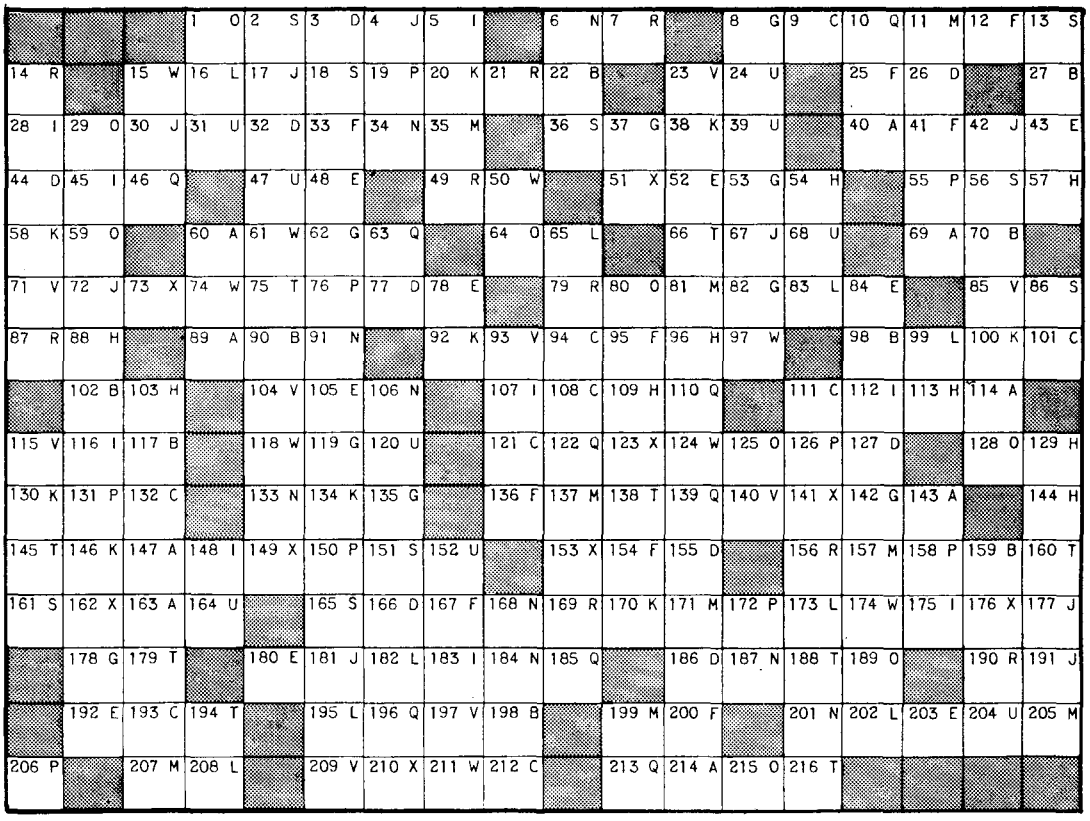
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Amer. tropical tree with pinnate leaves and showy paniculate blue flowers.	60 214 147 40 163 89 114 143 69
B. What the dedicated dieter does.	159 90 98 198 22 117 27 102 70
C. Followed by "Hall", Mr. Squeers's educational institution.	121 9 111 193 212 94 108 101 132
D. Most dismal through obscurity or darkness.	32 77 26 166 186 44 3 127 155
E. First Sunday after first full moon after the vernal equinox (2 wds.).	52 43 48 192 78 203 180 105 84
F. One thing the confirmed wrongdoer leads (3 wds.).	95 33 200 136 154 41 25 12 167
G. Followed by "salt", having enjoyed somebody's hospitality (2 wds.).	135 119 178 53 8 82 37 142 62
H. Abnormal inability to sustain attention.	129 54 109 103 88 144 57 96 113
I. English prelate known as Thomas Scott, protégé of Elizabeth Woodville (1423-1500).	45 175 148 112 5 28 116 183 107
J. One guilty of serious omission.	17 67 191 42 181 30 177 72 4
K. To root out violently and intentionally.	38 130 20 170 134 92 146 100 58
L. Gets down from.	83 16 208 182 202 99 195 173 65

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Object of superstitious fear.	11 157 171 35 199 81 205 207 137
N. State of being unknown or unavowed.	133 184 187 34 106 201 6 168 91
O. Locating something ahead or alongside at sea.	125 80 128 64 59 1 189 29 215
P. Certain.	126 150 172 76 55 158 131 206 19
Q. With ribs removed.	185 122 213 139 46 10 196 63 110
R. Turnings inside out.	21 156 87 169 49 190 79 14 7
S. Colorful district in many large U.S. cities where certain Far Easterners congregate.	165 2 18 13 56 161 36 86 151
T. Bend inward.	75 160 216 188 179 138 66 194 145
U. Title of English translation, Proust's Book I of "Remembrance of Things Past" (2 wds.).	39 68 204 24 31 152 120 47 164
V. Uttered on the spur of the moment.	23 209 71 140 85 197 104 115 93
W. Like small bones.	50 74 15 174 97 61 118 124 211
X. Substitute appellations, usually given in description or sport or affection.	176 149 141 51 153 162 123 210 73

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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